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The Week

AS THE Russo-Chinese dispute proceeds, people are beginning to take sides, depending upon their natural leanings and the information which reaches them. That anyone should be so naive as to think that he has adequate grounds for siding with either party to this quarrel on the basis of existing evidence is incredible, in view of the years of historical revision which have been necessary to lay bare the springs of the last great War. Dispatches from Moscow, Peiping (the revised spelling of Pekin) and Mukden are contradictory of each other and confusing in themselves; censorship is working in all quarters. China alleges that documents she has discovered prove Russian propaganda and plots; but the documents are not published, and, before this, alleged Russian documents have been shamelessly forged. We do not know much about the activities of the White Russians in Manchuria, who are evidently bent upon stirring up trouble. What is necessary is the intervention of some force which can stop hostilities pending investigation and adjustment. As we point out in a leading editorial, that force might be found in the League of Nations. It is possible that one or the other nation is insincerely using an allegation of aggression on the part of the other to mask its own designs. It is possible that each sincerely believes the other is at fault. The obligation of neutrals now is decidedly not to back either contestant, but to stop hostilities by both until the facts can be impartially ascertained.

ONE of the characteristics of the Gastonia trial which at first gave substance to the Communist allegation that it would be a ruthless battle in the class war was the vagueness of the original indictment and bill of particulars. It was not charged that any one of the sixteen defendants actually shot Chief of Police Aderholt. If they were convicted of his murder, it would be because of an alleged conspiracy to remove employees by force from the mill, and to resist officers of the law in so doing, if necessary, and because of unspecified speeches at union headquarters in which instructions were given, it is charged, to shoot to kill if anyone entered the grounds. The defense argued that this indictment and bill violated the provisions of both federal and state constitutions because it did not give anyone of the accused real information of the accusation against him. Was he present at the meeting? What did he say? When did the meeting take place? Who else was present? Such information of the charge would be essential for preparation of a defense, which might involve the proving of alibis and the calling of witnesses to testify about what actually took place. Its absence made the trial look like a fishing expedition or an attempt to introduce prejudice about the strike and its conduct. Objection by the defense led Judge Barnhill to order the prosecution to amplify and specify that portion of the bill dealing with the events on the day of the murder. This action increases the chance of a fair trial, in which provable facts rather than opinions and emotions are examined. And it gives the defense a chance to argue, even if specific allegations can be proved, that the accused are guilty, not of murdering, but of being accessories before the fact, which in North Carolina is a different crime, punishable not by death but by life imprisonment.

ACCORDING to the New York Herald Tribune, Mr. William B. Shearer, so-called naval "expert,"

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has filed suit in the Supreme Court of New York to recover the sum of $257,655 from the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and the American Brown Boveri Electric Corporation. This sum, Mr. Shearer says, is due him for services rendered these companies at the Geneva Naval Conference and elsewhere. The failure of the Geneva conference and the consequent disturbance to the relations of England and the United States was caused in large degree by the extremist reports of the conference in the American press. For these reports Mr. Shearer was in part responsible. He journeyed to Geneva, where he gave out unending interviews and maintained a ceaseless lobby with the aim of defeating a naval agreement. Following the conference, the American Congress passed the fifteen cruiser bill; and at least half of the cruisers there authorized are to be constructed in private shipbuilding yards. Mr. Shearer now confesses that his work at Geneva was not that of the independent naval expert, but of a lobbyist for American shipbuilding corporations who desire to construct American warships. Two of these corporations have already built the two giant aircraft carriers, the "Lexington" and the "Saratoga." Mr. Shearer admits that he has been paid for his services the sum of $51,230, but he claims $250,000 more. At this rate, the propaganda business is one of the most profitable in the country.

THE American people should be shocked by Mr. Shearer's admission. We hope it will lead to a Congressional investigation. There is nothing more reprehensible than the situation of international ill-will aroused by private business for the purpose of making profits out of battleship construction. If it is found that these and any other shipbuilding concerns have lobbied in favor of international animosity and the construction of big navies, the American government, should, as a matter of common decency, refrain from giving these firms any building contracts whatever. This incident increases our belief that when it is necessary to construct warships, such construction should take place only in government naval yards. Such a policy would be at least some protection against the pressure of unscrupulous private interests.

THE proposal of President Hoover that about 135,000,000 acres of public lands in the West be turned over to the several states is worthy of careful examination before it is supported. It sounds well to talk of the dangers of Federal bureaucracy and the desirability of encouraging the states to deal with local problems. Another consideration in favor of the proposal, which Mr. Hoover did not mention, is that local interests are constantly exerting pressure upon the central government to start ambitious but uneconomic reclamation projects in arid regions, for the benefit of contractors, railroads, or other parties who might profit by the expenditure of vast sums of money and the forced development of new territories. The several states might not be so eager for this sort of graft if they had to provide the money themselves. But there may be hidden dangers in the proposal. Might it not break into the well established national conservation policy by giving venal state governments valuable resources to parcel out to special interests? The coal, oil and other subsurface deposits are to be kept by the federal government, to be sure, as well as the national forests. But what about water power? The Reclamation Bureau, which develops large quantities of hydro-electric power very cheaply in connection with its irrigation projects, has long been a thorn in the side of the power companies. Is this an indirect way of getting rid of any further competition in this quarter?

CLEVELAND, which has been for years something of a clinic in municipal government, has weathered another onslaught upon the city manager plan. On August 20, at a special election, the voters of the city rejected a mayor-ward plan, which was proposed as a substitute for the manager plan, by the close vote of 50,175 to 46,980. This is the third political test of the manager plan which has been made in Cleveland in the last two years, the other two being equally close. In each election, powerful politicians have led the attack. And in each case these politicians have drawn much strength from liberals who believe that the chief executive of a city should be accountable directly to the people and not indirectly through an elected council. In the election just past, two entirely sincere young liberals who were friends of that stormy Jeremiah, Peter Witt, presented the mayor-ward plan, which was voted upon at the polls. As a move of political expediency, they formed an alliance with Harry L. Davis, former governor and former mayor, a demagogue of the first water. The curious coalition was then extended to include Maurice Maschke, powerful old-line Republican boss, Republican National Committeeman from Ohio, who has mostly been at "outs" with Harry Davis in the past. Witt himself remained neutral, which was a surprising novelty in his career. Davis became the principal campaigner of the coalition, talking much of "rights of the people," and "democratic principles," in a manner which was not too convincing. The manager plan defense was almost equally mixed, the Democratic boss lining up with a Progressive Government Committee, which was made up of the "best people." Campaigning generally was on a low plane. There was very little informing discussion of the principles of municipal government. Personalities of the supporters, chiefly those of Maschke and Davis, became the principal issues.

MUNICIPAL politics in Cleveland is always stormy and somewhat interesting, but at present is of special interest nationally because Cleveland is the

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first city of front rank in the country to adopt the manager plan, and is still the largest city to have that form of government. There are no conclusive data upon whether or not the plan has been a success in Cleveland. Certainly the election of August 20 decides nothing. Fair judgment probably falls somewhere between that of the most violent critics of the plan and that of its chief apologists. No impartial municipal expert would subscribe to the claim that Cleveland now has the "worst government in its history." On the other hand, the present government is far from the non-political business administration which was the fair vision of the people, when they voted for the plan in 1921. Streets, water, police, civic housekeeping generally, however, are better administered today than they were in the days of the immediately previous mayor administrations. On the other hand the manager has compromised with a council which is one of the worst in Cleveland's history. He has allowed some job trafficking to go on in the city departments. He can say in his own defense that he has had scant support. The people of Cleveland set up the city manager machinery and went off and left it. The old party bosses came in and took over the council. That they did not get their way completely is evidenced by the energy they are willing to put forth now to get the mayor plan back again. The Cleveland plan itself is undoubtedly weaker than that of Cincinnati, in that the southern Ohio city provided for a council of nine elected at large by proportional representation, while Cleveland set up a council of 25 elected by districts. The Cleveland alternative has allowed the scattering of attention and made easy the operations of the old machine. Undoubtedly the Cleveland plan calls for amendment, and if the manager set-up survives at all, there will have to be early revision.

SELDOM does the editorial staff of The New Republic disagree with its Washington correspondent, T. R. B., but this week, in order to keep the record straight, we must register a *caveat* in respect to certain implications in his "Washington Notes." We think Senator Borah was much nearer right on the debenture issue than President Hoover. In the realm of economic theory the debenture is, to be sure, "unsound," but it is unsound for precisely the same reasons, and to about the same extent, as the protective tariff. It would make real, for certain groups of farmers, the same kind of protection which certain industries already enjoy. Mr. Borah was consistent in saying that as long as we have a protective tariff, we should extend its effectiveness to the farmers by some such measure as the debenture; Mr. Hoover was both inconsistent and guilty of favoritism to manufacturing in opposing the debenture so hotly without at the same time moving for a reduction on the duties for manufactures. On the contrary, both during the campaign and after it, he advocated increased duties for manufactures—not a general upward revision, to be sure, but still an upward revision which includes industry as well as agriculture. If Senator Borah succeeds in limiting the new tariff to agricultural products—as we do not believe he will—he will be defeating Mr. Hoover's clearly expressed campaign promise, and he will again be sounder economically than the President. The fact that these higher farm duties will not be of much benefit to the farmers without the debenture has already been recognized by him, but if we must have higher duties his program is better than a more general boost. We believe, irrespective of political prospects, that the more the Democrats and Progressives howl against the tariff bill the greater public service they will be rendering. And they could not very well campaign against the Republicans on the ground of an unpopular tariff law, if they had not protested against it while it was being framed.

IN ITS recent meeting at Atlantic City the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor made two praiseworthy decisions. It abandoned support of the Shipstead anti-injunction bill, previously introduced into Congress at its request, and substituted an amended form of the measure worked out, with expert advice, by Senators Walsh of Montana, Norris and Blaine. The former bill, though seemingly drastic in its provisions, would almost certainly have been held unconstitutional and would not in fact have given the protection desired, while the latter bill proceeds on the basis of sound legal principles and is capable of effective support and application in the courts. Labor was badly sold when it hailed the anti-injunction provisions in the Clayton act, in spite of the advice of experts; it has apparently learned something from that experience. The other decision which is to be commended is to investigate the utility companies, especially with respect to their treatment of labor. This grew out of the experience of the street car strike in New Orleans, in which the traction company, controlled by the Electric Bond and Share Company, steadfastly declined to arbitrate and pursued a thoroughly medieval labor policy. Concerning this investigation we have only one doubt. We hope it will not be used merely as a bargaining club. If, by some strange trick of fate, the utility "higher-ups" should agree to treat the unions well, we hope the unions will not in turn flop to the side of the utilities in all questions involving consumers and the public interest.

THAT the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has not won its fight against Brookwood Labor College in the minds of the constituent unions was proved at the recent annual meeting of the New York Federation of Labor. A resolution endorsing the action of the national body, but not denouncing Brookwood otherwise, was introduced by the administration forces. Even this mild resolution aroused a good deal of opposition,

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one of the most forceful speakers against it being ex-President Lynch of the International Typographical Union, a staunch but able and intelligent conservative, who maintained that the case against Brookwood had not been proved, and that minorities must be tolerated in the labor movement. About the only effective support of the resolution was the plea that if it were defeated, the action would be a "slap in the face" of the A. F. of L., and would injure the solidarity of the movement. Although the resolution was passed, there were a considerable number of negative votes and it was plain that most of the delegates were not convinced.

A CORRESPONDENT, with a turn for research, has sent us some items which supply an instructive background for the recent episode in Washington in which Mr. Hoover politely received the clerical delegation which visited him to lobby for a Sunday-closing law, but became very punctilious and distant when representatives of the National Association Opposed to Blue Laws wished to present to him their ideas on the matter. According to our correspondent, Mr. H. B. Hartogensis, an attorney of Baltimore, when Maryland ceded to the government the land on which the District of Columbia was erected, it passed along at the same time its Act of Religion of 1649, which carried the death penalty for those who would "prophane" the Lord's Day by swearing, drunkenness, and so on. The penalty was subsequently reduced, and the list of offences extended to include gaming, fowling, kite flying, and fishing. If this law, which was declared unconstitutional in 1908, were revived at the behest of the clergymen, Mr. Hoover might be a law-breaker. This may be the inside reason for Mr. Hoover's extreme reluctance to hear what Professor Flury, of the anti-blue laws organization, had to say to him. Perhaps he suspected that Professor Flury intended to call his attention to fishing. Perhaps, at the moment, there was incriminating evidence in the White House, brought back from a previous week-end fishing trip in Maryland. Fortunately, the death penalty is not advocated; but a term in jail for the President would be uncomfortable, and even more undignified than for him to read a letter which had previously been published in the newspapers—the point on which Mr. Akerson rested Mr. Hoover's case against Professor Flury. And the President knows full well that "Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if the officials elect what laws they will enforce or the citizens elect what laws they will support."

IS IT justifiable to consider scenic beauty, when the water power people come about wanting to make a waterfall pay? That question now harries the Federal Power Commission, the Insull interests, and those Kentuckians who believe in preserving Cumberland Falls in its natural state. The Federal Power Commission imposed certain regulations to protect the scenic beauty of Lake Chelan, in granting a power license there about five years ago. In the Cumberland Falls case, the Commission has adopted a Fabian policy; no definite action has as yet been taken. The attorney for the Commission is more positive. He is of the opinion that the Commission has no legal right to refuse a license, under the Water Power Act of 1920, unless such a license would be detrimental to navigation or foreign and interstate commerce. Those Kentuckians, who are not impressed by the joys of having water power so conveniently close at hand, have an attorney, too. He has made a convincing case for a broader (and wiser) interpretation of the Water Power Act. And there the dispute stands. Meantime the Insull people bewail the hardships of the mountaineers, should the license be refused. They adopt the attitude that the state is on their side, that just a few hysterical esthetes are clamoring about protecting the beauty of Cumberland Falls. But the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs declined to endorse the power project. And apparently there are a great many Kentuckians who are more interested in having an unusually handsome waterfall, than in having unusually handy water power. Yet there is no clause in the Water Power Act to settle his question. We Americans who go abroad to admire the Coliseum or Chartres are singularly thoughtless about the things we have at home. This is a highly propitious moment to reiterate that well worn phrase, "There ought to be a law. . . ."

THE PROFESSIONAL patriots have surpassed themselves in their newest scheme to rattle the sabre and roll up the bank account. Behold, the National Defense Life Insurance Company! Behold, the old familiar faces: Rear Admiral R. E. Coontz, Retired; Major General Mark L. Hersey, Retired; Harlan Wood, Commander, American Legion, District of Columbia; H. A, Jung, "Industrialist," of Chicago; Mrs. A. J. Brosseau. . . . What's the use of satirizing such people? We quote the prospectus of the Company:

> The National Defense Life Insurance Company is an organization incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, formed for the purpose of writing Life Insurance on an Old Line, Legal Reserve basis.
>
> A National Defense Foundation to be established in conjunction with the Insurance Company will be authorized to receive donations and bequests and every dollar received, *including a stated percentage of the premium income of every policy written by the National Defense Life Insurance Company, will be used by the Foundation to promote the cause of National Defense.* (Our italics.)
>
> The Foundation will constitute the contact whereby the above Army and National Defense advocates, (assumed to number over 5,000,000), will be induced to purchase a part of their insurance estate from the National Defense Life Insurance Company.
>
> In order to sell policies these alert and capable salesmen, (the solicitors for the company), virtually

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thousands in number, must talk National Defense to every prospect they approach. Thus the National Defense Life Insurance Company will write a great volume of business which will guarantee satisfactory dividends to stockholders.

Time for the League to Act

SINCE July 10 war-clouds have hovered over the Orient. These clouds grow blacker every day. Tomorrow they may burst. The newspapers report skirmishes and mobilizations along the Manchuria frontier. The Soviet government, with increasing belligerency, insists that China has violated Russian rights in regard to the Chinese Eastern Railway. It threatens to resort to force if China does not make restitution. Both parties declare themselves to be in the right; both parties live in fear of attack; both parties appeal to the principle of "self-defense." The Russo-Chinese situation today does not differ materially from any international dispute which is allowed to drag on—the other fellow is always in the wrong. The longer the dispute remains unsettled, the more bitter feeling becomes; sooner or later smouldering animosities burst into flame.

Russia and China are two of the largest countries in the world. They are also two of the weakest. If they go to war, both countries will probably be thrown into internal anarchy. The outside world also will be vitally involved. What is the outside world doing to protect its interests? Nothing but twiddle its thumbs.

It is true that the United States attempted to mediate in the dispute, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Following the severance of diplomatic relations, Secretary Stimson called the attention of the two governments to their obligations under the anti-war pact. In reply China and Russia declared that they had no intention of violating their obligations, but they reserved the right to act in "self-defense," a right which the anti-war pact recognized. In the present crisis, the Kellogg pact has so far proved a worthless document. It provides no means for determining which of two nations is really acting in self-defense; it provides no machinery whereby a dispute may be positively settled, thus removing the cause of war. The one result of the Kellogg pact is that all wars have become wars of "self-defense." The Kellogg pact alone cannot outlaw war; it merely makes belligerents hypocritical.

A second document which the United States has timidly attempted to invoke in the present crisis is the Pacific Four-Power pact, drawn up at the Washington Conference. The treaty provides for a conference in case of disputes arising out of Pacific questions. But the treaty makes no provision for machinery whereby conferences may be quickly called, and it is even more vitiated by the fact that neither Russia nor China is a party.

The only international institution equipped to act in regard to the Russo-China situation is the League of Nations. In contrast to the anti-war pact, the League Covenant does not content itself with general declarations; it emphasizes procedure-processes. The most striking example of how League machinery may work was given several years ago in the Greco-Bulgarian dispute. As a result of a boundary quarrel in which a Greek soldier was killed, Greece invaded Bulgaria. Instead of resisting this invasion by force, Bulgaria telegraphed to the League of Nations. The Secretary-General quicky telegraphed members of the Council, who assembled within a few days at Paris. In accordance with their obligations as League members, both Greece and Bulgaria sent representatives to this meeting. The first act of the Council was not to determine which of the two states had been the aggressor and which had been acting in self-defense. Its first act was to request both parties to withdraw their troops behind their respective frontiers. The parties promised to do so and foreign military attachés later verified the fact that withdrawal had taken place. The next step of the Council was to investigate the causes of the controversy. With this purpose the Council sent a commission to the spot. This commission found that Greece had invaded Bulgarian territory as a result of false information. It declared that the invasion had been unjustified and recommended that Greece pay reparation for the damages done to Bulgarian property. Most important of all, the commission recommended solutions for the underlying disputes between the two countries. Both Greece and Bulgaria had agreed in advance to accept the recommendations of the commission. These recommendations were now put into effect, and real peace thus restored.

For the first time in its history, the world his international machinery which through conciliatory action may stop hostilities, assess responsibilities and make recommendatians removing fundamental causes of ill-will. Members of the League are not bound to accept the recommendations of the Council; a member merely promises not to go to war in case of a unanimous recommendation by the Council and in case such a recommendation is accepted by the other party. Nevertheless, so great is the pressure of world opinion through this machinery, that few states would dare to reject a recommendation that appeared to impartial observers to be just.

China is a member of the League. Why has she not utilized her rights under the Covenant? Why has she not appealed to the League Council for protection? In reply it is argued that Russia is not a member of the League. This is not, however, a bar to League action. Under Article 17 of the Covenant, a non-member may be invited by the Council to accept the obligations of membership for the purpose of a given dispute. If Russia should refuse to accept such an invitation, but instead resorted to war against China, the mem-

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bers of the League would be obliged to impose an economic boycott against her. A boycott against Russia would be particularly effective. The success of the internal Soviet experiment depends vitally upon the continuance of foreign trade. The threat of a League boycott might, therefore, be sufficient to prevent Russia from going to war. The Soviet government has repeatedly declined to enter into compulsory arbitration agreements on the ground that an international tribunal would be controlled by capitalist judges who would not give Russia a fair hearing. This objection could not apply, at least to the same degree, to the conciliatory procedure of the League Council. Russia would not be obliged to accept its recommendations; it would merely be obliged not to go to war in case China accepted such recommendation. Nevertheless, the mere airing of the dispute before the Council might easily produce an agreement satisfactory to both sides.

A second, and perhaps stronger reason, why China has not invoked League aid is because China herself distrusts the League. The 1928 assembly declined to reëlect China as a member of the Council, at the very time when the new Nationalist government most needed outside encouragement and recognition. Moreover, the head of the political section of the League Secretariat, an official who would obviously have great influence in a League settlement of the Russo-Chinese dispute, is a Japanese diplomat. Had the original idea of making the Secretariat a real international civil service been adhered to, and had, for example, the distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Nitobe, been retained as Assistant Secretary-General, China might have no basis for fear. But nationalism has invaded the Secretariat. And the Chinese government apparently does not wish to entrust its fate to a member of the Japanese diplomatic service who would inevitably view this dispute through the eyes of his own government. This obstacle could be removed by temporarily transferring the political duties of the Secretariat to another official.

It is not necessary, however, to gain the consent of either China or Russia before the League may act. Article 11 of the Covenant declares that any threat of war is of concern to the whole League, and it authorizes any member of the League to bring to the attention of the Council or the Assembly any circumstance whatever which threatens the peace of the world. Strangely enough, not a single member of the League has ventured to invoke this article in regard to the Russo-Chinese dispute.

In our view, the fundamental reason for the League's inactivity in the present crisis is the position of the United States. In the first place, the United States is not a member of the League. If the United States were content to play a negative role in world affairs, our absence from the League might not be important. But the United States is not content to be negative. It is self-righteous. It has loudly asserted its desire for world peace. Declining to follow the League's way of peace, it has insisted upon a way all its own. In convening the Washington Conference of 1921, which laid down principles in regard to the Orient, the United States in effect told the League to keep its hands off this part of the world. Our next contribution to the cause was the anti-war pact. We negotiated this pact with much blowing of trumpets, and upon its conclusion we praised ourselves as the great peacemakers of history. Six weeks ago when war was threatened in Manchuria we did not ask the League to take jurisdiction over the dispute. Instead, we made a gesture all our own. We cautioned the parties not to violate the anti-war pact. The effort was a complete failure. But it had the result of frightening the League from taking more effective action that would seem to challenge the initiative of the United States.

The American brand of peace machinery has broken down. The League timidly bows and backs away; in the meantime the danger of war in Manchuria daily increases. If the anti-war pact is used to supplement League machinery, it will serve the cause of world peace. If it is used by the United States to stultify League action, this pact may do incalculable harm.

Every competent student of international affairs in the United States, official and otherwise, realizes that by itself the Kellogg pact is of no concrete value. It is quite possible that the present situation is one which can be handled effectively by League machinery. President Hoover, of course, cannot go to Geneva and invite the League to make the next move. The next move must come from the League itself. The New Republic earnestly hopes that the League Council will cast off its timidity and invite Russia and China to submit their grievances to League procedure. It earnestly hopes that at this same time, or in advance, the Council will publicly invite the United States to cooperate with it in finding a settlement of this dispute.

Ten years ago the United States would have nothing to do with the League. We saw it chiefly as an agency to maintain the unjust and unstable post-war status in Europe, as an agency which might embroil us uselessly in European hostilities. But this nation has never ceased to take an active interest in Asiatic affairs, and there is no hope of successful mediation in Asia without us. The Versailles treaty does not bind the future of Manchuria. The reasons for caution which have kept us out of the League on European grounds—whatever validity they may still possess—do not apply to the present dispute. We can coöperate with the League in attempting to settle it without committing ourselves to the Polish corridor or to any claim on German reparations, and without accepting League membership. In suggesting practical methods of coöperation, we can safeguard ourselves in any way which may seem advisable. But

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the main necessity is for us to help prepare the way—and that promptly—for the use of the only existing means of conciliation which has yet been untried in bringing China and Russia together.

Haverhill Looks Forward

A STRANGE twist in the evolution of organized labor has recently come to light in Haverhill, Mass. Industrial unionism is usually advocated by radicals, but in Haverhill a change toward the industrial as opposed to the craft form of unionism resulted from pressure applied by the employers. Another remarkable development was the turning of a labor group, nearly bankrupt of power in consequence of the ineffective action of its own elected officials, to the leadership of an expert who was not a member of the organization.

Haverhill is a city dominated by the women's shoe industry. Instead of a few large employers, there are many factories, comparatively small and competitive. In this respect, as well as in relation to the rapid style changes and the contracting-out system, the trade is somewhat similar to the women's clothing industry. For a considerable period the employers have engaged in collective bargaining with the workers organized in the Shoe Workers' Protective Union—a body not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This union was a unit only in name: while it acted together in important matters like strike or arbitration proceedings, it really consisted of several powerful craft locals, each with its own business agent, each bargaining separately with the employers on questions like piece rates and production. As a result of this practice, combined with a survival of abnormal conditions which had arisen during the War, a wholly illogical system of piece rates and other conditions had grown up. The situation was aggravated by post-war changes in the product and methods of the industry, which were not accompanied by corresponding changes in the wage structure. The trouble was not that wages on the average were too high, but that labor costs could not be sufficiently reduced. Certain operatives acquired marked and unjust advantages over others, which created severe competitive handicaps for the Haverhill industry.

An attempt to work out a solution was made several years ago by the conclusion of an arbitration agreement and the appointment of an impartial chairman to adjust disputes. Although a chairman was obtained whose bias was, if anything, on the side of labor, the experiment did not work. During its process The New Republic published an article, by Jean Atherton Flexner, describing its aims and its dangers. In spite of all that the impartial chairman could do, the obstinate factionalism in the union prevailed and the fundamental difficulty could not be remedied. After a decision displeasing to the union, the impartial machinery was voted out of existence by the workers. After that, matters went from bad to worse. A tendency of manufacturers to move out of Haverhill and away from the influence of the union was accentuated. Unemployment increased. And this summer a strike occurred which, at the end of eleven weeks, had not been settled.

One of the chief barriers to settlement was that the employers would not negotiate with the business agents of the craft locals. Eventually, in desperation, the union sent for aid to the Labor Bureau, Inc., in New York, an organization of experts whose occupation it is to furnish labor with technical assistance on a professional basis, and which had on previous occasions helped the union in preparing material for negotiation and arbitration. Mr. Alfred L. Bernheim, who went to Haverhill for the Bureau, was deputed to open negotiations with the employers. He did so, and reported that a reorganization of the union was an essential of peace. Thereupon all the business agents of the craft locals, except one particularly belligerent lady, resigned, a new constitution was drafted with the assistance of Mr. Bernheim, and was adopted by a popular referendum. It created a smaller governing council, with a full-time, salaried labor manager to negotiate with the employers for the whole union or any part of it. Mr. Bernheim, given authority to nominate the manager, selected Mr. Norman Ware, Professor of Economics at Wesleyan, who had previously represented the Bureau in work for the Haverhill union. An agreement with the employers was made and ratified.

With such substantial evidence that the members of the union have been converted to a more coherent policy, it is to be hoped that the internal difficulties which have been causing so much trouble can be ironed out. Further than that, intelligent coöperation between a really unified organization of labor, under the guidance of an expert, and the manufacturers' association may do something to cope with the serious external difficulties which face the industry.

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British Imperialism Foredoomed

Mr. H. G. Wells Writes on The Empire, the "Open Conspiracy," Lord Melchett and Lord Beaverbrook

FOR some years now my interest in Lord Melchett has been undisguised. His public energy and his exceptional expressiveness have made him for me, the typical modern creative business man. I have written about him here and there and it would be stupid to pretend that Romer Steinhart and Company, in the "World of William Clissold," would ever have been thought of if the system that centers upon Brunner Mond and Company had never existed. That is not to say that Romer Steinhart and Company is a picture or caricature of that reality, or that there is any portraiture about the story or "personalities" as people say, but it is clearly an attempt to deal with the inevitable growth and possible developments of a huge industrial and financial complex in relation to social and political processes, that could only have been made with the stimulating fact of Brunner Mond and Company, before the writer. In my book, which pretends to be the intimate autobiography of a partner in such a complex, a partner whose activities have been mainly scientific and industrial, the idea is put with as much force as possible, that such great complexes already transcend the boundaries of existing sovereign states and that they make for a single economic world organization, for Cosmopolis, that is, and not for Empire. Recent political activities and utterances of Lord Melchett have run counter to this view. It may be interesting to try for a definite statement of the issue.

I am moved the more urgently to do this by the recent activities of another very interesting public personality and that is the creator or rather the re-creator of the Daily Express and The Evening Standard as they exist today, Lord Beaverbrook. He has embarked upon a sort of propaganda for what I may call the "self-sufficient Empire." That is the direction in which I find Lord Melchett pointing also. I think it is not a very hopeful direction and I want to state as plainly as possible why I would dissuade them if I could from pursuing this self-sufficient imperial idea as the frame of their activities.

I am writing this at them, so to speak.

To make what I have to say as plain as possible I may, perhaps, lapse for a paragraph or so into intellectual autobiography. It is a craving for clearness rather than for autobiography that makes me do this. It is the best way of stating my case. I have lived thorugh a lot of imperialism. In the days which culminated in the Boer War, I was a strong imperialist. I am often charged with instability because I am now an anti-imperialist, but my case is that it is imperialism which has changed and not I. Then as now my ends were cosmopolitan and my dislike for, and opposition to, nationalism and nationalist patriotism has never varied. To me these are base, cramping, crippling, unjust, falsifying and altogether mischievous and degrading forms into which human minds are compressed. They produce what may prove to be an impossible jungle of intellectual difficulties in the way to the world state and a rationalized conduct of human affairs. But in the days before the Boer War the Empire was not nationalist and not very patriotic. It was a great free-trading system, extraordinarily open to the rest of mankind and sustaining the trade and finance of all the world. The City really ran the credit of the world. It was conceivable then that with an intellectual vigor and a frankness, patience and generosity it has altogether failed to produce, it might in coöperation with other liberal powers or at least with one other great liberal power, have become the precursor and framework of a real world system.

Leisurely people who are curious about such things may find my entirely ineffective intimations of these ideas in my "Anticipations" and my "Modern Utopia," which followed close upon the former. At that time a quite opposite conception of Empire was being glorified by Mr. Kipling, with a vigor and a splendor beyond all comparison more attractive than such well-meaning gropings as mine, and a whole generation was persuaded that our imperial system, which in reality is based on opportunity, compromise, adaptability, the luck of the steamship and the obsession of our European rivals with the Rhine, was really a system of high and swaggering conquest, to be sustained by the magic of prestige and developed further and higher in a mood of arrogant swagger. We had got our empire by luck and cunning, scarcely aware of what we did, and we were persuaded we had got it by superior strength and heroic resolution.

In those days the never very powerful intelligence of the British ruling class was much bedazzled by the tremendous posturings of the young German Emperor. Just as now that same class, and especially its women, seem to be fascinated by

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the grandiose absurdities of Mussolini and just as tomorrow they may be finding their ideal of real manhood in the virile exhibitionism of some Emperor of the Sahara or some Cossack or Georgian who has jumped Moscow. In these years from 1900 onward, London, because of our want of critical backbone, aped and feared Berlin—excessive in both its fear and imitation. The Germans had a *Zollverein* and so we must have a *Zollverein,* and from the conversion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain by the quasi-"expert" preachers of Tariff Reform onward, the Empire turned its back upon its possibilities as a world nexus, and faced towards narrowness, patriotism and inevitable conflict with the rest of mankind.

I had some very vivid and intimate glimpses of this relapse from the partly cosmopolitan, instinctively open-handed British political methods of the closing nineteenth century. I saw it infected step by step with a patriotic, exclusive, monopolizing ideology of the German imperial type. In a little dining and debating club of thirteen members, invented by Mrs. Sidney Webb, people like Mr. Bertrand Russell, the late Lord Haldane, the new Lord Passmore and myself, met and rubbed minds with people like Mr. Amery, Mr. Leo Maxe, Mr. Mackinder, Lord Milner, and Lord Grey. Our alleged object was to get to a common conception of the Empire. The voice of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was, so to speak, "heard without." All the thirteen—except myself—were gravely distracted by immediate political commitments and we never got to any common conception of the Empire. Little effort indeed was made to do so. But we had some very entertaining discussions and our average attendance remained remarkably high throughout our collective existence. We all thought each other unreasonable but interesting men. In the now rare and precious documents that record the proceedings of that club, I find myself, even at the opening discussion, appealing to geography against the fascinations of these new German fashions. The German system, I argued, was geographically like a closed fist, incidentally involving various Poles, Alsatians, and the like in its grip; it had many elements of economic unity. The British Empire on the contrary was like an open hand spread throughout the world. It had and could have no natural economic unity at all. Its different parts had each their distinctive systems of natural relationship. The business of Canada was to trade in the American system; it was our American branch. The business of Australia was to trade in the Pacific system; it was our Pacific branch. It was artificial and it would be a struggle against natural law, to try to draw such an Empire together with any but intellectual and moral bonds. Our imperial diffusion gave us enormous advantages for scientific and educational work, for intellectual variety in uniformity and for every sort of exchange. The essential task, therefore, of the Empire was to think, teach, intercommunicate and unify. So we might shadow forth and guide and dominate the greater unification before mankind. The only possible line of development was through the systematic perfection and realization of a liberal ideology, that would unite first the Empire and at last the world in a common world aim.

That was a conceivable role between 1880 and 1900. But since then our imperialists have so maintained their preference for battleships over brains, as instruments for the expression of the imperial idea, and they have stuck so steadfastly to that prepossession and to the erection of mean and stupid tariff obstacles to natural economic development, that today it is difficult to imagine any restoration of these former hopes. For me, I live in the Empire as a man who occupies a house with an expiring lease. I can contemplate the disappearance of the last imperial links with equanimity. The Union Jack now signifies neither exceptional efficiency nor exceptional promise. Let us admit that fact. It did, but it does not do so any longer. The world would not wait for the British. We never braced up our slack educational links. I should be glad to see the English speaking communities throughout the world free now to recombine in some more progressive unity, unencumbered by any special responsibility for India, most alien of lands, and freed from our formally snobbish traditions.

That club of Coefficients talked and then ceased to talk nearly twenty years ago. Today I find little in my mind about imperialism that is not a logical development and amplification of the positions I occupied in those days. Today the progressive entanglement of the economic and financial affairs of mankind into a world-wide system of reactions is much more impressive than it was in the opening decade of the century. It is going on faster than any of us could possibly have anticipated then. And it has escaped altogether from the limit of the Empire. The development of aviation and wireless and modern methods of communication has been ten times as rapid as any prophet dared imagine in 1900. It has been a stock principle of mine; it crops up in "Anticipations," and I have repeated it constantly and with increasing distinctness, since my wranglings with Mr. and Mrs. Webb apropos of their work upon Local Government, that the most convenient and, therefore, the right size of an administrative area is determined by the operative means of communication and must vary as those means vary.

This seems to me a fundamental political principle that must always rule in human affairs. It applies to sovereign states just as much as to vestries. It is a principle obvious enough, but which still fails to get its full and frank recognition because most of those who discuss the broad lines of political and economic development, in an authoritative way, occupy positions in which its logical recognition might prove inconvenient. They accept as fundamental the legal areas and boundaries it would efface. They

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are prevented from going deeper. It is no particular merit on my part that I do. I am able to think more freely than most of those concerned with politics and statecraft because I am quite unencumbered by any immediate interest in this respect. My diagnosis of the essential nature of the stresses of the present time is that while everything else has been changing in scale, our emotion-charged traditional concepts of government and loyalty have not expanded to keep pace with that change of scale. There has been a lag in our political apprehensions and a still greater lag in our educational adaptations. We are facing the second quarter of the twentieth century with the already lagging political ideology of the third quarter of the nineteenth, and therein reside most of the distinctive stresses and dangers of our time.

A certain number of readers may say this is a very "theoretical" proposition. That is no condemnation. Theory is the most practical thing in the world. "Theory" has given us all the mechanical and chemical developments of modern life. If the world had been left to "practical" men in immediate every-day charge of the matters concerned, we should still be lighting our streets with oil lamps and our homes with tallow candles. And if I am starting out for a two thousand mile automobile tour in lonesome country and someone comes along and says that my electric equipment is out-of-date, ripe for inspection and readjustment and bound to give trouble and break down in a few hundred miles if I don't deal with it now, it may be wise of me to consider these propositions a little before I damn him for a theorizing fool and start up and go off in my usual dashing style, asserting that the vehicle always has muddled through and, therefore, always will. And with regard to this self-sufficient imperialism which Lords Melchett and Beaverbrook seem disposed to adopt as the vehicle of their political activities I am exactly in the role of that somebody who comes along and says to them and kindred drivers of the human auto, this system of ideology you have cannot possibly stand the demands that the journey before you will make upon it.

This diagnosis of what is happening to mankind at the present time may be presented in a rather more concrete fashion. Up to so late as a century and a half ago the world was really divided into a considerable number of autonomous economic systems and the sovereign states of that time did generally correspond to these systems. There were regions of weak and uncertain boundaries and there were ambitious monarchies with a passion for extending themselves and exacting glory and tribute. There were robber bands. There could be phases of unsettlement and disorder. But on the whole that patchwork of sovereign states was a working system with a general stability. Changes were dynastic changes or class revolutions that generally made a country more itself than ever. Climatic fluctuations that set nomadic hordes wandering, stirred the world during a few centuries and left it to settle again upon the established lines. The human animal was fed, clothed, housed, sustained by the resources of the country in which it lived. The whole of the rest of the world might have been depopulated and left a wilderness, and the general life of such lands as seventeenth century England or France or Sweden or Persia or Abyssinia or Spain would have gone on without any grave interruption. Then national states were the best working pattern of human community, and patriotism and loyalty excellent social cement. As Goldsmith remarked with perfect truth, if every time you fired off a gun in England a man was killed in China you would never have bothered or been bothered about it. The mentality of our great-great-grandparents was adjusted to these conditions. Man had a localized, patriotic mind because his economic life was definitely local and bounded.

A century of invention and science has altered all that. Today we eat food from the ends of the earth and are clothed with the resources of a planet. I will not embark upon a lengthy exposition of the way in which the life of nearly everybody nowadays overlaps the political boundaries that are supposed to confine him. Let a man consider his work and where the ultimate product to which his activities contribute is marketed, let him consider the list of his investments and the securities behind his insurance policy, let him go over the things upon his breakfast or dinner table, the furniture of his home, the appliances about him, the copper with which his house is wired, the petrol in his car, the paper on which this is printed, the fibers, the fats and lubricants, the metals out of which the material substance of his daily existence is woven. He will realize that in the short period since the nineteenth century dawned, human life has lost touch with locality to an extraordinary extent. Insidiously the average man has ceased to be part of a localized economic system and has become part of a vaguely developed, but profoundly real, world economic system, to which tropical raw material, exotic mineral supplies and industrialism in the temperate zone are all essential. And you cannot put him back to the old state of affairs unless you are prepared to shatter this developing thing, civilization, altogether.

It is only slowly that it is dawning upon us today that a change of scale and economic range demands a corresponding change in political forms. That is not an adaptation that will arrive by itself. It is a problem for mankind that has to be consciously faced and solved. Under all sorts of falsifications, the sovereign states of the world have been thrusting out in a blind effort to achieve the new scale. One may hazard the general proposition that the outline of history of the last hundred years can be stated as the more or less lucid attempts of all the main sovereign states of the world

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to secure a world-wide control of the raw materials necessary for the mechanical civilization upon which we have entered. All our modern imperialisms are this; the more or less conscious efforts of once national states to become world-wide. And since at one time there can be only one complete world-wide state upon our planet, enormous pressures and rivalries and conflicts exist and intensify. And it seems to me that only two alternatives about the human future can be considered. Either these jostling and mutually incompatible independent sovereign states, which the great change of scale in the economic processes of life is continually forcing towards world dimensions, must fight among themselves until only one survives, or else mankind generally must be made to understand the nature of the present process, to substitute for the time-honored but now out-of-date traditions of independent national sovereignty a new idea of world organization and to determine political effort in that direction. The former alternative opens out before us the prospect of a long series of probably more and more destructive wars which may lead to the exhaustion and degeneration of our species; the latter demands mental and moral adjustments of the most complex, difficult, and laborious sort. It means a tremendous break with tradition and a fundamental reconstruction of education throughout the world. But to me plainly it is the only sane course for human effort.

It is one of the characteristics of this happy-go-lucky time that few people realize the importance for themselves of their interpretation of recent history. Most of them attempt no interpretation. They drift from the last war to the next under the guidance of historical tradition, "minding their own businesses" until the next big impact smashes them. But I put it to my readers that an interpretation of current history is a necessary basis for any rational political activity, and I challenge them, if this general interpretation I have given is wrong, to ask themselves how far it is wrong and what is the general form, the right interpretation, to which our activities should be adjusted.

And yet I find such dominating figures in current affairs as Lord Melchett and Lord Beaverbrook and such an active representative of scientific organization as Sir Richard Gregory, if I may drag him also into the talk, not in agreement with this interpretation. All of them more or less clearly seem to be putting quite a different construction upon the present world situation and its possibilities. In my "William Clissold" I developed the idea, with a very evident application to the great enterprises of Lord Melchett, of an Open Conspiracy, of a sustained conscious and deliberate thrust towards cosmopolitanism and free world exchanges, in economics, in finance, in thought and purpose. In earlier books I had called the Open Conspiracy idea "the New Republic" or "the Order of the Samurai," but the idea is the same. Political readjustment, and the development of world controls of the living interests of mankind, have to follow the necessities of such a thrust. But the abandonment of the Liberal party by Lord Melchett and the general trend of his public conduct, has forced upon me the unpleasant realization that he is living upon the narrower, more dangerous, and ultimately futile conception of the self-sufficient Empire, which I saw coming into activity in my Coefficient days, the days of the conversion of Joseph Chamberlain and the dawn of Tariff Reform. And if he is doing so, probably most of our other big financial and business leaders, who are intelligent enough to have general ideas, are doing the same thing. Which is for me a very disappointing realization. My conception of his proper role had been a sustained effort to lower the barriers about the Empire and develop alliances in the direction of federal association, a frank and friendly disposition to financial and economic coöperations, and amalgamations with foreign and particularly with American, German and French groups, and a friendly and helpful attitude towards the propaganda of cosmopolitan ideas and the reconstruction of education on cosmopolitan lines. I will not enumerate the circumstances which made such expectations particularly reasonable in the case of Lord Melchett. But my expectations have been disappointed and here I have to deal with him as one of the champions of these plausible and dangerous theories of patriotic imperialism.

What is the mental basis of this belief in a self-sufficient British Empire? It seems to me there are three possible ways in which such a creed may be held. First there may be a conviction that, contrary to my assertion, there can exist upon the same planet without mutual destruction and for an indefinite time, a number of sovereign world systems, growing out of the extension of the old sovereign states of the eighteenth century, and that the British system at any rate is powerful enough to maintain itself against all other pressures and rivalries. Against this I set the facts that the existing British Empire was made by the steamship, that its property and security depend upon the sustained control of the seas, that the aeroplane, the submarine, and the competitive shipbuilding of other states, have so changed the cohesion of this sea-knit confederation that it is now no more than a heterogeneous system of regions linked by long and vulnerable lines of communication. Its present disposition to build tariff walls along these threads and so monopolize the economic advantages its disproportionate share of the productive areas of the earth give it, will practically oblige less fortunately situated imperialisms to assume an attitude of hostility. If it will not have economic pooling then it will get war. And the next time it gets a world war because of its disproportionate share of tropical sunlight, it may find itself with a less fortunate selection of allies or with no allies.

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The idea so popular already among the younger generation abroad, the idea of subduing national patriotism to a United States of Europe, which M. Briand has recently taken up, is a plain retort to the idea of our monopolistic imperialist system. What is going to occur when All-Europe realizes that the ratio of its overseas supplies of raw material to its industrial population, is less than that ruling behind the great imperial tariff wall?

But there is a second system of ideas rather more plausible in which it is admitted that the Empire is to be regarded as a temporary league leading on to a still wider synthesis of world controls (imperialism of 1890), but that meanwhile it is to be run as this self-sufficient empire, with tariff walls, preferences, monopolizations, "keep out the foreigner." and all the rest of the competitive outfit. Then suddenly, I suppose, it is to do some tremendous *volte face* and make a deal. But the objection to this second group of ideas lies in the fact that so long as we remain self-sufficient, we build up army, navy, air forces and a patriotic imperialist tradition; we mold economic interests to the imperial boundaries; we force lines of economic interaction into unnatural paths and so make the empire less and less capable of that final amalgamation, physically and mentally, without a mighty struggle. New ideas do not come suddenly. Wars do.

The mass of patriotic men of affairs today have, I believe, neither of these two foundation systems of ideas in their minds. The third system of fundamental ideas in vogue among patriotic imperialists is simply the old junk of nineteenth century political thought. They have nothing in their minds of their own. They have never thought themselves out; nor have they thought out their world. They have just gone on doing business and drifting along in accordance with the political and patriotic traditions of their forefathers (which are as much out of date as stage coaches and semaphore telegraphy.)

I suppose that Lord Melchett, Sir Richard Gregory, and perhaps Lord Beaverbrook would fall under the second of these three divisions of imperialists, but Lord Beaverbrook might come into the first named class. I have given my reasons for regretting they are any sort of imperialists at all. I pose the Open Conspiracy as the modern scientific opposite and alternative to their semi-romantic, short-sighted, and foredoomed imperialism.

H. G. WELLS.

London.

Thorstein Veblen

1857-1929

WHEN President Harper was collecting a faculty for the New University of Chicago to be opened in 1893, he showed remarkable foresight and had remarkable luck. John Dewey and Michelson were among his recruits, Jacques Loeb, Chamberlain and Coulter, William Vaughn Moody and Paul Shorey. So, too, was Thorstein Veblen, an unknown quantity assigned to a minor post in the department of economics on the recommendation of J. Laurence Laughlin.

Veblen was then a large-eyed, brown bearded, slow-speaking, quiet person in the middle thirties. The son of thrifty Norwegian immigrants, born in Wisconsin and brought up on a Minnesota farm, he had entered Carlton College at twenty, gone on to Johns Hopkins and Yale for post-graduate work, and taken a doctor's degree in philosophy. But for seven long years the new doctor had found no academic post. In American colleges philosophy was still being taught commonly by retired clergymen, and young scholars of unknown convictions were seldom wanted. So Veblen had returned to Minnesota, read widely, written more or less, and done some nondescript office work. Finally in 1891 Cornell awarded him a fellowship, not in philosophy, but in economics and finance. A critical paper upon "Some Neglected Points in the Theory of Socialism" revealed his quality to Professor Laughlin, and resulted in Veblen's move to Chicago.

This offshoot of Norwegian culture, reared in an American environment of farm life and conventional schools, had disconcerting ways. He observed the tamest acts and commonest opinions of those about him with narrowed eyes, as if they were curious phenomena which called for an explanation. Now and then he would drop a quizzical comment, which came from outer space like a meteor, shocking some bystanders and amusing others. He had extraordinary notions about what was relevant to the subjects he was supposed to teach. Students who enrolled in his courses on agricultural economics and socialism heard as much about the practices of the Hopi Indians, the Samurai, the Hebrews of the Old Testament, the Andaman Islanders, and the trading pirates of the North Sea as they did about populism and Karl Marx. They were puzzled to find their own convictions and loyalties analyzed and accounted for on evolutionary grounds. The plainer was a piece of commonsense, the more universally accepted, the more curious did Veblen find it, and the farther back in human culture did he go for an explanation.

But the most disconcerting thing to students

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properly brought up was that Veblen never denounced nor commended anything. That tingling psychological reaction known as righteous indignation seemed lacking in his make-up—though he would inquire why different people get morally indignant with each other. Even about intellectual matters he was singularly unexcited. If an ingenuous student waxed enthusiastic about the passion for research, Veblen's temperature did not rise a degree. The root of scientific inquiry is "idle curiosity"; indulging this propensity has led successive generations of men to the quaintest of notions about the world; the stock of scientific ideas on which we now plume ourselves is blood-brother of the cosmologies which satisfied savages; that the current notions give us better control over natural forces is interesting and has significant cultural consequences; but in due time these notions will come to seem as quaint as any that are now out of date.

Small wonder that students over whose minds the "cake of custom" had formed solidly put Veblen down as a profane juggler with the verities. Others less well protected did not know what to think; but at least they began to wonder about many things they had always taken for granted—opinions other people held, even opinions they caught themselves expressing. They felt uncomfortably sophisticated, as if they had lost their mental innocence and were no longer quite respectable.

When Veblen published his first book, "The Theory of the Leisure Class," in 1899, those of us who had been in his classes watched excitedly to see how the reading public would react. There were protests as we expected; but there were also warm praises from men of letters. William Dean Howells, in particular, smiled benignly. Veblen was classified as a social satirist—"the most powerful since Swift." That classification was a shield against attacks by the deadly serious. A satirist is permitted to speak freely, because he is not supposed to mean quite what he says. Readers are expected to chuckle; they are likely to be laughed at if they boil over with indignation. All Veblen's elaborate explanations of social foibles, professedly based upon anthropological and historical evidence, were taken as literary machinery for producing effects—an equivalent for the empire of Lilliput.

There was justification for this interpretation of the book. Veblen loved producing literary effects. He was an arch phrase-maker. He took a naughty delight in making people squirm. His aloofness, his objectivity were partly stage make-up. He did not want anyone to be quite sure when he was indulging his peculiar sense of humor at the expense of the public. He liked to feel sophisticated and to smile at the simple critics who frothed over his jibes. But, though these dispositions colored everything he ever wrote, no matter how technical, Veblen was genuinely interested in the explanations he sketched. Human behavior was to him the most fascinating puzzle in the world, and he thought he had clues to the solution—clues which the social scientists had missed, though they were suggested by writers so well known as Darwin and William James.

Accepting the current opinion of biologists that the human species has undergone but slight physical change since neolithic times at any rate, Veblen held that the gulf which yawns between the lives of modern communities and the lives of cave dwellers has been bridged, or created, by the evolution of culture. Culture is substantially a complex of widely prevalent habits of thought. Mass habits are determined primarily by the way men and women spend their time. By all odds the most time-consuming occupation of mankind is making a living. Therefore the economic factor has been most potent in shaping culture. It is primarily economic necessity that has forced us into new ways. Whenever changes in the physical environment, the dwindling of a staple food supply, migration to different habitats, or any other cause, threw their traditional methods of getting a living out of gear, men were forced to alter their practices or succumb. The new ways of working, developed through trial and error, modified old habits of thinking and added to the stock of commonplace information. In their turn these results reacted upon methods of getting a living, thereby modified habits afresh, and so on indefinitely. Thus human culture has evolved under pressure, through an age-long process of cumulative changes in standard ways of thinking by creatures with non-evolving brains.

It follows, according to Veblen, that the only explanation in harmony with modern science, of how men have behaved at any stage in their checkered career, is an account of the evolution of social habits of thought in the given community up to the given date. To be sciences at all, anthropology, economics, sociology, and politics must be evolutionary sciences on the pattern of Darwinian biology. Properly conceived, these social disciplines trace the descent of culture from the point where Darwin ended his account of the descent of man. But is that the program on which economists and their cousins are now working?

The patent answer to this question is Veblen's fundamental criticism of economic theory. In its best formulations, this body of speculations is a beautifully articulated set of doctrines, logically consistent with the preconceptions from which they are derived, and convincing to anyone who shares the view of human nature which prevailed in Western Europe shortly before and shortly after 1800. That view of human nature is still tacitly accepted by many contemporary economists, and they are content to walk a little further in the paths marked out by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and John Mill. There is no need to controvert these estimable logicians. Rather, one should inquire into the causes which have preserved economic theory from infection by latter-day science. And Veblen proceeded to explain his colleagues to themselves with all the arts he

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had employed in explaining leisure-class institutions. Economists were used to being criticized by each other; but they did not know what to make of this person who took them apart to show how they worked.

More important was the task of rebuilding economics upon modern lines. At this task of reconstruction Veblen worked in the unsystematic fashion congenial to him. His books are all monographs, devoted to the genetic explanation of certain institutions—that is, habits of thought which have prevailed in various times and places. What particularly fascinated him in the contemporary field were the relations between making goods and making money, between the machine process and business enterprise, engineers and absentee owners. Material well-being depends upon the steady operation of our industrial plants under the direction of scientifically trained engineers. But these plants are run for profit, by business men, in the interest of security holders who typically take no share in the work. Making money depends upon the prices paid for commodities and services used in industry and upon the prices received for the output. Business managers are concerned to keep the profit margins at the maximum-net-revenue point. They are advisedly fearful lest an increase in current supply may force selling prices so low that the larger turnover will be no comfort. Hence they habitually keep production below the point which engineering skill makes practicable with existing plant capacity. That is, the business man's chief contribution to welfare now consists in practicing "capitalistic sabotage." Given a free hand, Veblen guessed that, by reorganizing industry on a continental scale, the engineering profession could double the national income of consumable commodities without increasing working hours. But in the process they would smash myriads of independent business enterprises. So society is gestating a conflict of interests between business men and absentee owners upon the one side, and engineers and the mass of the "underlying population" upon the other.

How long this conflict of interests can be kept from becoming a conflict of classes is the leading problem of current civilization. Veblen argued, in 1904, that business enterprise cannot run a long career under our present economic institutions. For the discipline of daily work in the factory, which is the lot of an increasing number of men, breeds a practical habit of mind, which makes it increasingly difficult for the factory hand to see what right absentee owners have to an appreciable part of what he and his mates produce. Engineers, brought up on mathematics and the physical sciences, harbor similar doubts about the legitimacy of "unearned incomes." Let this habit of thought develop somewhat further, as develop it must unless the machine process is checked, and business enterprise will go the way of feudalism and slavery. After the War, Veblen seemed for a time to hope that the change might come, and come quickly. In the articles he wrote for The Dial, and allowed to be reprinted as books, his bland tone became strident; his analysis suggested a program of action; he repeated his favorite phrases like an agitator. But that was a passing phase. "Absentee Ownership," the last of his books save for the translation of an "Icelandic Saga," regains much, though not all, of the elfish aloofness which marked "The Theory of Business Enterprise" and "The Instinct of Workmanship."

Veblen's contribution to economics consisted in replacing the hedonistic conception of human nature by the instinct-habit psychology. That shift allied economics to biology rather than to mechanics. It brought new problems to the fore and relegated old problems to the background. It suggested a close working agreement between economists and the other students of human behavior—historians, psychologists, anthropologists, political scientists and sociologists. It was a service the full value of which has yet to be grasped. But like other intrepid explorers of new lands, Veblen made hasty traverses, seeing what appealed to him. His sketch maps are enormously suggestive, but not accurate in detail. For example, he looked at the "vested interests" and at the machine-tender from too far away, with the eyes of a farmer. He credited the first with more singleness and more clarity of purpose than the miscellaneous and changing aggregate of the rich can claim. He saw the machine-tender as a standardized product, which machine-tenders are far from being. More at large, Veblen let his saturnine humor color his scientific analysis. Like earlier economists, he paid too little attention to checking his conclusions by patient observation, he paid too little attention to what did not harmonize with his favorite patterns. Yet, when all detractions are made, he remains the most interesting economist of his generation, and the one who is provoking most thought in others.

WESLEY C. MITCHELL.

To An Asking Girl

(Unable to Reconcile Truth and Beauty)

Dear child, forget the labyrinth whose reaches
Tangle and twist through all-too-mortal mind;
Words will not bring you what you hope to find;
There is no falser phrase than that which teaches.
There is more wisdom in these ignorant beaches,
Schooled by uncertain water and resigned
To dust and dancing stars and all their kind
Whose chaos is more dangerous than Nietzsche's.

The seal secure within his crumbling wave
Knows all there is of truth. The windy gull,
Lifting herself on some invisible arc,
Dear child, is beauty. . . Curious and brave,
You are the two: A challenge to the dull,
And the bright answer to the questioning dark.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Pick and Shovel Stiffs

Then labor, fellow, neither more nor less
Than our poor neighbors labor. Every one
Of us dumb swine beneath the blooming sun
Is S. O. L. for any happiness.

I

WE moved off the track to let the train pass. We had worked bent over our shovels for some time. It was good to stand straight. There were some women on the observation platform. They waved at us. Dooley snickered.

Blunt said: "A can o' heat and a broad—they'd sure set me right." His eyes followed the train, now far up the mountain. Mike said: "The Sterno alone'd fix me plenty." Dooley snickered again. "I'd be all set with just the broad," he said. Kane roared: "All right, shake a leg, you guys."

We bent over again.

It was hot. We were ballasting track in Arizona. I wiped my brow with my sleeve.

Mike looked at me. "Man's a damned fool to work in this sun," he said. Smitty said: "A man's a damned fool to work." Red grunted: "Man's a damned fool anyhow." Kane said: "Hey, you, go get your time." We all looked up. "You, I mean." He pointed at Red. Red dropped his shovel and walked off surlily.

The only weapon a gang boss has is the authority to fire his subordinates at will. He needs the weapon. None of us watched Red go. We kept our eyes down. It was hot.

Presently I wiped my forehead again. "Where in hell's the water boy?" I said.

Kane said: "You had water three times this mornin'. You guys got to do a little work between drinks."

Blunt straightened up. "Let's take a walk," he said.

Smitty said: "Yeh, Kane, you better give us our time."

We all stopped working. Kane looked us over. "That mean you too, Slim?"

I said: "I think that goes for all of us."

Kane made out slips for the several of us. We accepted them and paraded silently down the track. Without talking about it we knew why we had so suddenly taken a walk. It was the women on the observation platform.

II

There was one detour after another on the road. We didn't get much of the motor traffic where we worked. The rub was that we took pride in our work and there'd be nobody to praise it until after our departure. This would be a fine stretch of highway when it was done. It was a mountain road with trees on either side.

Pete said: "Fat lot o' credit we'll get when we're through here."

Rapid said: "You're gettin' paid, ain't you?" Rapid was a boss with no appreciation of an endeavor whose recompense was beyond mere money. Pete said so.

"Haw!" laughed Rapid. "Get this, sweetheart: if there's any glory comes out of this job, I get it, see."

"Aw, that's all right—you'll need it," said Jake. "Your job's none too safe on this outfit."

Rapid said: "I can give you the gate any day I want."

"Yeh, you guys got a lot o' power over a poor stiff. I'm tellin' you, fella, if I was goin' to be a boss I'd make damn' sure I'd be a real one. Who can't push a gang o' bindlers?" Jake pitched a scoop of gravel neatly into a gap some fifteen feet distant.

"What's the matter, Jake—you got a mad on? I ain't layin' no claim to bein' so swell."

"Then lay off the glory racket," Jake said.

Flash said: "It wasn't him started it, it was Pete over there."

Pete kicked savagely at a clod. "Say, you Flash fella, what right you got buttin' in, eh?"

Flash held his tongue. "Come on, speak up," Pete said. "You leave me be," said Flash.

Rapid said: "If you guys want to scrap, either wait till tonight or get through. You can't fight on the company's time."

Flash eagerly addressed his shovel to the gravel. "I don't want a fight."

Pete said: "Yellow, that's why. What you doin' on a man's job, buzzard?" He was across the road from Flash.

We thought that would be the end of it, as Pete stooped and made as if to return to work. But he straightened at once and bounded over to where Flash stood, and with his right fist slapped the youth smartly on the jaw. I expected to see Flash topple. Instead, he dragged his scoop out of the gravel and with a great swing brought it flat against the side of Pete's head. It was Pete who toppled.

Flash stared bewilderedly about him. "What'll I do? What'll I do?" he wailed. He let go the scoop and nursed his jaw. Jake grabbed one of his arms. I took the other.

Rapid said: "I guess you laid him out all right. Have to get the law and a doctor out here." He

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cut through the trees toward the detour to hail a car.

Jake said: "What'll we do, Slim—let the kid run for it and say he busted loose?"

I said: "I don't give a damn."

"Hell," said Flash, "I might's well go to jail. Don't have to work there."

"I guess you're right," said I.

"I know you're right," said Jake.

We waited for the doctor and the law.

III

Foley said: "You got two hours to finish this tower in, gang."

I spat on my hands and bore more heavily on my shovel. It was bad digging. The ground was deeply rooted and thickly strewn with leaves. It was difficult to get a purchase on the dirt.

Shorty growled: "Two hours, humph! A guy can do only as much as he can." He thrust his pick mightily into the pile of soil and rock before him and leaned to rest on the handle. I shoveled on. The six other men worked steadily. Foley stood, hands on hips, and sneered: "O. K., Shorty, go and get your time. You're through."

"I should cry! I got my stake, baby." Shorty clambered over the mound and began walking toward camp. As soon as he had got out of sight Foley went to another tower some distance from our own. When we were certain that he could not see us from where he was we all took a breathing spell. Ben said: "That's a good way to get your time, eh, Slim?" I said: "Yeh."

Nick rolled a cigarette. "Well, Shorty could afford to get through. He struck this job for six months."

"Six months? He must be screwy. A guy can get out of here in three months if he holds on to his jack." Curly patted one of his pockets. "I got all my checks in there—I'm gettin' through next week."

Ben said: "Yeh; but if you had the nerve to get into the crap game you'd have a chance of goin' out with some real dough." The water boy just then reached our tower. "Crap game, hell! There's where Shorty dropped his first couple pays. He'd been out of here long ago if it wasn't for that."

"That's good water," I said.

Whitey said: "Let's get movin', gang. I see Foley's head bobbin' over the hill."

It was bad digging. I took an axe and chopped some of the roots at the bottom of the mound, and shoveling was good for a few minutes. Foley said: "You do pretty good with the old muck-stick, Slim." I said: "Um," out of the corner of my mouth and kept on shoveling. Foley was the kind of man who would trap another into loafing and then give him the gate for it.

At four-thirty we started for camp. Nobody talked much on the way. We figured to do most of our talking, until after supper at any rate, on the job.

After supper there was a crap game. I hadn't been paid, so I stood on the side. Ben said: "Come on, Slim; you afraid to drop a dollar?"

"If I had a dollar I'd quit the job and start up in business," I said. When the dice came to Ben he played and passed them to me. "Slim shoots a half," he said. I rolled a crap. "He shoots another," Ben said. I got five for a point and sevened out. "You're a Jonah," said Ben. But when the dice came around again he staked me once more.

Presently some of the men tired of dice. "Who's got a deck?" asked Frenchy. Nick produced a pack of cards and a poker game was started. Ben didn't play poker, so we went for a walk until dark. We didn't talk for a while. Then Ben said: "I don't know about you, but I'm going to hang on here long enough to get a stake, and then look for a good job."

"So'm I."

"They tell me a flock of guys is already out waitin' for Boulder Dam to start up."

"That's what I hear," I said.

"Well, I'm goin' to make the harvest and then shoot down there. How's that for a wise move?"

"That's a wise move," I said. We walked back to camp. The poker game was breaking up. We all went to bed.

The clanging of a bell roused us in the morning. While we were waiting for breakfast some one said: "Who seen them dames up here last night?"

"Dames? I never seen no women around here since pay day."

"Maybe I'm wrong—there's chow." We ate in silence.

Our gang took its time in walking to the job. It was about a mile. Foley said: "How come you guys go so slow to work and so fast comin' back? Seems to me it would be the other way if you really worked for a livin'." Nick laughed. He had cleaned up the poker game. We could see that it was his last day on the job.

We had worked a while when Nick said: "Tell me, Foley, to what do you attribute your success in life?" He had memorized the question from yesterday's newspaper. Foley was a gang boss whose knowledge was limited to the manner of driving pick and shovel stiffs. But he knew that he was being kidded.

"Temperance and hard work," he said. He was an old rum hound.

Ben said: "Don't you drink?"

"Never."

Nick hauled out a bottle. He took one drink. Foley watched him. "Go get your time," he said. Nick was glad to do so. He had made his stake. When he was gone Ben said: "What does he care? He wanted his time."

It was a foolish thing to say with Foley listening. I said, in a low voice: "Not so loud, guy—you'll

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queer the works for the rest of us." Foley heard this also. He looked around and said: "Well, as long as I'm losin' men at this rate you fellows can go, too."

He meant Ben and me. We walked out. Ben said: "What the hell, Slim: I got a few bucks." We discovered the timekeeper and collected our checks. Ben had worked four days, I not quite three.

"Sure, what the hell," I said.

IV

The hill was disappearing. There were not now so many tons of dirt to remove as had been already removed. The cranes and steam shovels were kept busy. It was a big job, this dam construction. We were helping to level the hill. There were several hundred of us divided into manageable gangs.

Zrr—oom!

That was dynamite. We were far enough from the explosion to avoid being hit by flying rocks. Nash said: "Come on, men, we'll move some of that dirt."

Nash was our foreman. He was all right. All the pushers on this job were all right. Too many men were hurt in accidents to drive the rest of them.

We followed Nash to the scene of the blast. A disorderly mass of dirt and rock confronted us. We arranged this so that it would feed properly to the steam shovel. A derrick hoisted rock to the right of us. A fleet of heavy trucks was loaded from the derrick and the shovel. Fat said: "I'm goin' over and have a look at that hoist."

Nash said: "If I was you I wouldn't do no monkeyin' around."

"You tellin' me not to go?"

Nash shrugged. "Go ahead if you want. All I'm sayin' is you better be careful you don't get hurt."

Fat said: "Safe as I would be at home. Be back in a minute, boss."

Bum said: "By God he'll get all the hoistin' he wants 'fore he gets out of here. That's the way with these younguns just run away from home: get on a job and don't know how to act."

"Good way of gettin' out of work, anyhow," I said.

I turned and looked to the right, where Fat stood admiring the tremendous lifting power of the derrick.

"Good God!" said Nash. His cry was punctured with another but briefer invocation of the Deity.

A stone loosed itself from the derrick and dropped directly on the heavy youth's head. He fell to the ground. We rushed over to where he had fallen. A little blood rushed out of his nose, then the flow ceased. Fat lay still.

"Well, it's his own damned fault," said Stony.

"Yeh," said Nash.

We walked back to our shovels.

V

We were laying a pipe line out of San Luis Potosi. Our trench lay in a straight line as far as we could see. The dirt heaped alongside was dry, and showed no sign of the many gallons of sweat that had dripped on it.

Juan said: *"Mucho trabajo."*

"Si, mucho trabajo," I said.

Blackie said: "What do you want to talk with them spicks for?"

I didn't say anything. It was bad enough for Blackie and me to be the only Americans on the job. I didn't want an argument with Blackie, and I certainly didn't want an argument with any of the Mexicans.

"Sulkin', eh, Slim?"

"Aw, hell, use your head, fella. We got to get out of here with a few nickels and a whole skin." I tossed some dirt out of the trench. The foreman called himself a Spaniard. He knew a little English. He came over to Blackie.

"You do more, sabe?" the foreman said. He was a very young man for his job.

I said: "He wants you to do more, Blackie."

"I heard him. Say," he said to the foreman, "there's two of us on this job."

The foreman shrugged. He stood eyeing us. *"Tu tambien,"* he said to me, although I was doing enough work without being enjoined to do so. Blackie said: "You gonna take orders off that greaser?"

"Lay off, will you? You know what these spick jails are like."

We both knew. We had but a few days since got out of the can in Tampico.

"O. K.," Blackie said. He satisfied the foreman, who moved on down the trench.

Felipe said: *"El joven no bueno por nada, no?"*

"Si, no bueno," I said.

El joven heard us. He turned about, and returned to our section of the ditch. "You Sleem, you talk for me?"

I had to think fast. We would have to go on the bum again if we got fired.

"No, no usted," I said. *"Mi amigo Americano el joven tambien."*

Blackie said: "By God, I had enough of this suckin' around that greaseball. We got an hour's pay comin', but it can go to hell. Come on, Slim, let's get out of here."

I thought a minute. Probably the foreman knew that I had lied. Because of his youth, he was known as *"el joven"* to all of his crew. I climbed out of the trench and gave Blackie my hand. He scrambled up after me. The foreman said: "You fellows queet on me?"

Blackie said: *"Vamos a kiyi."*

He knew that much.

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VI

They knew about Big Frank all through the plains country. He was as good a gandy dancer as ever tamed a tie. He'd been a straw boss down in Kansas for a couple of years, though, and tamping ties was quite a comedown for Big Frank. Skelton offered to put him to work at once. Frank had been kicked off his last job.

We were beside the track chowing up when Frank came along. He knew most of us, but he moved to the other side of the track and tried to act as if he hadn't seen us.

Skelton said: "Hi, Frank."

Big Frank didn't have to stop; but Skelton was the foreman and might have had some news.

"Hi, Skelton." He stood uncertainly.

"Don't need no straw right now, Frank, but if you're still able to gandy I got a job for you."

Frank said: "I'm tired bein' a straw boss. Real thing or nothin' for me. Glory don't pay." He sat down amongst us. Skelton was direct. "We heard they let you go down there, Frank."

The big fellow grinned. "Yeh. I guess it's no good lyin' to you guys."

I said: "I thought you quit drinkin'."

"Well, I was up the pole, but I slid down. Who's got all the chow?"

Dopey gave him a sandwich. Frank disposed of it in three gulps. "Is that all you got to eat around here?" Every one else had done with his food. Frank pulled his great weight up from the ground. "No eats, no work," he growled. "See you around." He walked away. Skelton said: "Big Frank's all washed up. Give a stiff like that a little authority and a drink and he's through."

None of the rest of us ventured an opinion. We hadn't ever been bosses. We didn't feel sorry for Frank, though.

VII

A pick and shovel stiff is at liberty to pursue his vocation anywhere on the North American continent. Construction camps, railroads, highways, pipe lines, rights of way, and various other jobs at hard labor offer him a living—and very little more.

A stiff's ambition—if he is not so old a stiff as to have forgotten it—is to make the big stake: to get enough money to hold him through until he gets a good job with its short hours and high wages.

But these jobs don't come with picks and shovels; and anyhow, the canned heat and the broads get the big stake—when it's made. He has perhaps, if he's lucky, saved a hundred dollars in six months on a job. He comes to town with the hundred, what's left of it after he has paid his transportation, with his mind set to get to an employment agency and pay his fee for the good job. But on the way to the agency he meets some good fellow he knows, or sees some speakeasy he's heard about, or is accosted by what to him is beauty—and the dollars flow as water, and he remains a pick and shovel stiff.

But most often the big stake isn't made. The stiff usually gets the run-around: he isn't permitted to remain on one job long enough to make the money to give him a rest and find a better job (he never has the better job). What he earns above his food and lodging is frequently employed for transportation to and from new jobs; more frequently still, he beats his way from one job to another. It's the best he's able to do.

He gets his vacation when he goes to jail.

SAMUEL MILTON ELAM.

Washington Notes

IT may be interesting to report that the efficient Hoover is far calmer about the tariff fight he now has on his hands than he was about the farm relief struggle. He appears serene. He occasionally smiles. He has once or twice chuckled. The difference is very marked and not, I think, hard to explain. The debenture fight was his first experience as President with Congress and there is no doubt at all that he was considerably upset while it was in progress. For one thing he was disturbed at the discovery that Senator Borah, of whom he was—and is—personally fond, and who, he had believed, would see eye to eye with him in the farm relief business, sound as he is at heart is not so strong in the head where economic problems are concerned. It is a curious thing about Mr. Borah. No man in public life more quickly and instinctively registers right on a question of right and wrong. No Senator has so perfect a record as an opponent of corruption, whether it be in his own party or in the other. Not one is as consistent an advocate of decency in politics or grades higher in the lovely virtues of courage and sincerity. But when it comes to arithmetic he bogs down. He can with the greatest ease put down a long column of figures. He can get them nicely arranged. He can get the decimal points all in the right spots. He can draw a perfectly straight line at the bottom of the column, but when he adds them up his total is invariably wrong.

At any rate it was a disappointment to Mr. Hoover, when he early talked with Mr. Borah on the economic unsoundness of the debenture doctrines, to find that the Idaho economist had added up his own column of figures and gotten another answer—the wrong one of course, but one from which he characteristically could not be shaken. Herbert grieved over that a good deal and found it hard to understand. Then he grieved over Senator Carter Glass, who for some reason he had anticipated would regard the debenture idea with abhorrence and not be pulled into line with the Democratic policy of opposition merely to oppose. Senator Glass is much more accustomed to getting the correct total in these matters than most of his colleagues. Whether on this occasion he would have supported the debenture plan had he felt there was the slightest chance of its getting into the law is doubtful indeed, but support it he did—much to the chagrin of Mr. Hoover,

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who felt that he knew better. And he grieved over some others up there in the Senate and got a little panicky over the combination of Democrats and Progressives who took charge of the situation. He was much worried at the time about the steadfastness of the estimable Longworth and the security of his House control. Altogether he was full of apprehensions and alarm and had for a while a most unhappy time of it. The Secretariat, too, was miserable. It reflected the Presidential attitude and there was about the White House during the days the farm relievers, Democrats and Progressives were putting the debenture plan through the Senate, an atmosphere of depression and pain.

They did not cheer up until actually had occurred what everybody who had an unclouded mind knew would occur —to wit, the House vigorously and overwhelmingly rejecting the debenture plan, compelled the Senate to recede in conference from its untenable position and gave Mr. Hoover his farm bill in exactly the shape he wanted. With the House leaders standing with him and the veto up his sleeve there was no other possible outcome. Yet in spite of the plainness of these things, there was real relief in the Hoover bosom when the thing was finally over and he had his little bill without the obnoxious feature he feared. His feeling at the time was due to inexperience. It gave him a sort of panic to lose control of the Senate and he did not accurately judge the hollowness of Senatorial noise and threats. Nor had he a proper appreciation of the Presidential power in such a situation. Now he knows better. His sense of proportion has improved and the Democratic clamor, which, as the conservative New York Times points out, is being very much overdone, does not disconcert him. There is no chance of "panicking" him. On the contrary, he is pleasantly unperturbed over the prospect.

For example, there are three possible outcomes of the present struggle—first, the passage of the bill in approximately the shape it has come from the Smoot-Reed-Bingham committee, which is a very rotten shape, indeed; second, the passage of a bill largely limiting increases to agricultural products as advocated by Borah, whose resolution along these lines was lost by a single vote; third, the passage of no bill at all, in which eventuality an increasing number of observers are coming to believe. Now it is an open secret that the first of these three alternatives is the one Mr. Hoover wants least. It is not going too far to say he does not want it at all, particularly since the changes in the administration part of the tariff law, inserted with his approval—in fact at his request—by the House, were stricken out through the efforts of the shining Pennsylvania representative, Mr. Reed, aided and abetted by a couple of his general revision friends and not opposed with any heartiness by Fearless Jim, the so-called leader of the administration. Further, it is so plain that there is no chance of the bill in anything like its present form ultimately going through that it is perhaps a mistake to list it as an alternative.

So far as the other two are concerned, it must seem to any reasonable man that whichever happens Mr. Hoover will be approximately satisfied and the Democratic idea of making a vital issue of the tariff in the 1930 Congressional campaigns is slightly soggy. If the bill increasing only the rates on farm products goes through it will be close enough to the Hoover idea to make very little difference, and the only real disappointment will be among the special industrial interests which have forced the bill into its present shape. Few of these interests come under the Hoover idea of languishing industries, needing help. And if the bill fails entirely, the most that can be said is that the Hoover farm relief program was not completely carried out. It must further seem to those who clearly grasp the situation that a skillful shifting of the White House weight ought to bring out of the final conference committee a bill almost ridiculously close to the expressed Hoover desire. It is the most likely outcome, the most logical compromise. Either that or nothing. Altogether Herbert, it seems to me, is in a pleasant position. The split in the Republican ranks, the attitude of the Democrats and Progressives, both operate in his interest, head in his direction and nullify the effect of the recalcitrancy of regular Republicans of the Reed-Bingham type and the unenthusiastic ineptitude of the elephantine Watson. Profiting by his experience in the former fight, and with much more faith in both the House leadership and his own influence than before, Herbert, I believe, is entirely confident of the outcome. He at least knows the absurdity of the notion that he can possibly be put into any such position as was the unfortunate Taft by the Payne-Aldrich bill nearly twenty years ago.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Texas Lights

II. Uncle

MRS. X looks like the portraits of Lola Montez, the same wild eyes, large and gray, the same brilliant brow and heavy, romantic hair. She has a smart roadster and sometimes, when things go stale for her here, she goes off on some trip, driving five hundred miles a day and more—now and then, as her little son says, she slows down to forty-five miles an hour, but that is when the road is bad or there is too much traffic.

Since she left school and married, which was when she was very young, she has had herself tutored in French and Spanish, and in them reads omnivorously, for the most part only Baroja in Spanish, but mountains of French authors. Most of these latter are as new as possible, names that to me are still a mystery. This excited diet she balances off with sober readings from the Revue des Deux Mondes. Her favorite French author, however, is really Anatole France, she talks much of him; and in America her favorite book is "Strange Interlude." I take it as I find it with her, and even that will not go stale, for she has lately grown tired of printed pages and two worlds in review, and driven off to see her uncle four hundred miles west. She has been telling me about him.

Uncle is past eighty now, almost eighty-five in fact. As old men will, he has sat hours with his niece talking of himself, and letting her see farther into a past that in his case at least is every inch a past. Mrs. X has been telling me a long line of stories and incidents that mean much to her. She sees in them nuances and applications that I can but dimly gather; she laughs and hugs herself with pleasure

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at the way life has found itself in this old man, at the volume of living that has gone through him, as it were, the panorama that this tall, skinny body has contained, the so much blood that's in him. There are a number of cattle tales, of forty years ago and more, that she plainly rejoices in, however vague they and their special points may be to me. One is about the thieving on the border, the stealing of cattle from one herd after another by the rustlers—to me it sounds more like a movie with Ken Maynard and his white horse—until the ranchmen could stand it no longer and got up a raid for themselves. Dead Mexicans were turning up everywhere. They could not get enough of killing Mexicans, and the thing kept up until the sheriff at last went riding around to the different ranches to say that something would have to stop, the raid tale would no longer work, no Mexican would keep fresh this long. Mrs. X laughs over this and tells me of the time, when he was a very young man, her uncle had his horse stolen and spirited away across the border. For a long time he gave up the horse as lost for good but one day he found himself outside a saloon with a crowd of Mexicans and saw him. Uncle tells a long story then of how he persuaded the owner of the horse to try tricks with him. He made the man a good bet that he could do so and so on the horse, and so on and so on. The man did his turns, then Uncle started his, but instead of any tricks put spurs to the horse and galloped away from the astonished crowd and out of sight.

There is another tale of the Indians killing Uncle's brother, and his vow of revenge. A year later, when he was running a saloon, eight Indians came in for a drink of whisky. He gave them the whisky. Here, he said to a friend, you take the bar while I go across the street. The friend kept the bar for good, for Uncle got on his horse and rode out of that county. And along the road that day dead Indians were scattered, the eight of them; he had poisoned the whisky.

Uncle's health these many years appears to have been perfect. The only time he was ever sick was when he had appendicitis. One day when he had been drinking he met the veterinary, an old friend of his, and promised him the operation if the pain in his side got too bad to be borne. The pain got worse and he let the horse doctor perform the operation. He always swore, Mrs. X says, that he opened him with a pick.

Uncle's prize deed, she tells me, was only last year. His daughter, it seems, had married a worthless man who treated her very badly. This man, a drunkard and drug-eater, got worse and worse. His wife was keeping a sort of boarding-house in San Saba, and his goings-on reached such a pitch that she was obliged to write to her father to come and protect her. He went to San Saba and settled down in her house. One day the husband came in and insulted him, there were hot words, and the husband at last struck the old man and knocked him down. Uncle went to his room and got his gun and shot the man, who fell on the front porch of the boarding-house. Wishing to avoid unpleasant scandal around his daughter's place, Uncle went on up the street two or three houses and sat down on one of the neighbor's front steps. The police came and there was a great commotion, a crowd gathered and all that, trying to find who had shot the dead man on the porch. When everything had quieted down Uncle sent for one of the policemen to come and speak with him. Well, he said, you'd like to know who killed that man and I might could tell you. What could he know about it, the policeman wanted to know, an old fellow such as him, go on? Well, you better arrest me, Uncle said, for I done it, and so they took him to jail. There was something of a trial of course, but the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, what with Uncle's reputation as a state ranger, his age, and the situation between his daughter and her drunken husband.

Well, I ask Mrs. X, what with these and a dozen other tales she has been telling me about Uncle, why has no one ever written his life? His biography ought to be just the thing these days.

Well, she says, of course it does seem so, and several times people have talked of writing Uncle's life. On one occasion it got as far as the first chapter. A newspaper woman was sent to interview him. She came out with her writing pad and talked a long time. The plan was that she and Uncle were to talk together like that until she was saturated with the spirit of his personality and the things he had done. She came four mornings.

This journalist was a type hitherto unknown to Uncle. She had short hair and wore a sort of man's coat with a fountain pen stuck in the breast pocket. Her expression was direct and like a man's. She looked Uncle so straight in the eye that his spirit was undermined; he had always rather prided himself on his way with the ladies. The next thing was he found himself telling his stories with everything trimmed off; which, however, seemed quite wrong also. He got on his horse and took a long ride about it, and the idea came to him that he had better ease up matters by putting his arm around her waist and calling her honey, innocently like that, not meaning any harm. Next day he tried it and the lady was furious. She tore up her notes under his very nose and went off and never came back. That was the end of Uncle's biography.

Mrs. X at this point leaves Uncle for more discussion of French literature as it now stands. Lately, she says, a friend has sent her from Paris a little brochure of a journal called "Tambour," edited by a Mr. Harold Salemson. Do I know it? She has found things in it that she likes. Sometimes its methods of attack are gentle and mild, sometimes pretty cutting, where cutting up is needed. Which only reminds her of Uncle again, she adds, and only shows thereby how universal Uncle is. He has tried the gentle and mild from time to time. Once when he had a ranch in the Valley he kept losing cattle. He was satisfied a neighbor of his was stealing from him regularly. He didn't know just how to broach the matter delicately, since he had no proof. Finally he decided on a scheme. He met up with the neighbor and rode along with him to the saloon at the crossroads. In the course of their drinks Uncle said to him that he'd agree to keep him in fresh meat all the balance of his life if the man would agree to quit stealing his cattle. Well, the man said to Uncle he guessed he'd agree, but he was satisfied he would lose money by it.

As for things getting their dues, Uncle had said to Mrs. X, "You mustn't have the wrong opinion of me. I never trouble a man unless he needs killin'."

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Trade in Opium

SIR: An editorial in The New Republic of July 31 says that Great Britain and the United States are doing pretty well in limiting their manufacture of narcotic drugs. To enable this country to affect this limitation, the Federal Narcotic Control Board was organized in 1924. What has been the result?

Putting aside cocaine, we find that in the year 1924 we imported forty-three tons of opium. In 1928—according to Annual Reports, Treasury, 1928—the amount had risen to seventy tons! Again, in the matter of domestic sales of narcotic drugs, our record in 1924 for morphine, codine, and other alkaloids show 10,131 pounds, which amount increased to 15,963 pounds in 1928. When one remembers that "domestic" sales" are, without a shadow of doubt, augmented by contraband, there is ground for widespread alarm on the part of Americans; but, as the situation is—judged by the figures I quote—it is far from the whole truth. That would take more space than one could ask for in a comunnication of this sort. Suffice it to say that we have the word of Miss Ellen La Motte, than whom there is no better authority on this question of narcotics ,that a discreditable attempt has been made in the Treasury Department Report (Traffic in Opium and other Dangerous Drugs) to soft-pedal on this situation and to hide the enormous legal consumption of drugs in the United States. As to the situation in regard to Great Britain's activties—that is another, and even less creditable story.

This may or may not be "pretty well" compared to European, continental importation, manufacture and sales (here, it should be understood that we are one of three countries—the others being Holland and France—which do not report manufacture), but the vital point is that the world is facing an appalling and growing traffic in body and soul destroying drugs, merchandise which brings in a large and ever increasing revenue, which can be handled with a minimum amount of danger (under ordinary circumstances), and which is sold to men, women and children in every walk of life. Since Warren Hastings wrote in 1776 (when a financial budget had to be arranged for Britain's Indian Empire, and he had conceived the idea of making opium and selling it to China), that this drug could be used for "commerce," this shocking vice has got the whole world in its deadly grip.

Congressmen are not the only ones who are unread on this subject, which is of overwhelming importance for the present well-being and future history of our country. It concerns a vice that may strike at the heart of any home in the land—strike never to let go, in all human probability—and only the negligible few are in the least informed as to its character, its ramifications, and its almost unbelievable horrors, as it affects both individuals and society as a whole. After the crime of war, drug addiction is probably the worst evil that humanity is facing today. Were it not for the faithful and intelligent efforts of Stephen G. Porter, representative from Pennsylvania, the page of our record in the fight to rid the world of opium would not be as creditable as it is. But Mr. Porter's hands must be upheld. One power for good will be an adequately and correctly informed electorate. To this end I ask for a wider, more serious, and persistant consideration of the problem of drug addiction.

BLANCHE WATSON.

Rye, N. Y.

[As well as can be judged from the official statistics, considerable progress has been made in dealing with illegitimate domestic sales, if not since 1924, at least since 1920. We are informed that the United States has agreed to coöperate with the Central Board arising from the Geneva Opium Conference of 1925, and that this board is about to begin the collection of quarterly reports of the manufacture and distribution of drugs in the various nations. It is probably true that the addiction in this country is fed largely by smuggled drugs, rather than by leakage from American manufacturers. Smuggling must be controlled by international action, and the active coöperation of the United States with the established international machinery will put new vigor in it.—THE EDITORS.]

Progressive Labor Conference

SIR Recent controversies within the labor movement and on the intellectual fringes as to what would constitute an effective policy and strategy for labor in this country at this time will be reviewed from several angles at six sessions of an Institute on Labor Progressivism. It is to be held at Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, New York, from Friday evening, August 30th, to September 2. The discussions and symposia will be carried on under the joint auspices of the Brookwood school and the Conference for Progressive Labor Action.

There will be three symposia:

1. Prosperity real or alleged, and its bearing on labor strategy;
2. The recent revival in trade union organization and activity;
3. Ethical standards in the labor movement.

There will be two discussions of papers presented on:

1. The Prospects of Independent Political Action;
2. Workers Education for Action.

Speakers and discussion leaders include Dr. Leo Wolman of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Howard Williams of the Farmer Labor Party of Minnesota, B. C. Vladeck, manager of the Jewish Daily Forward, Mark Starr of the National Council of Labor Colleges of Great Britain, Norman Thomas, Tom Tippett, David J. Saposs, Louis F. Budenz, J. B. S. Hardman, Lewis Corey, Carl Holderman, Ludwig Lore, A. J. Muste and others.

Sessions will begin on Friday evening, August 30th, and will continue through Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Rate, covering board, room and conference fee for the entire period, $10. Special rates for those attending part time.

LEONARD BRIGHT.
Secretary, Conference for Progressive Labor Action.

MacDonald and India

SIR: In a letter appearing in your issue of August 14, E. Harlan appears to believe that the Labor government in England will ease the tension now existing in Indian affairs.

The Labor government, as I see it, is in a rather delicate position in this matter. At present its efforts are being directed toward a settlement of the Lancashire cotton strike. Lancashire cotton has been, and is, in a very depressed condition.

One factor in this is Mr. Ghandi's spinning-wheel movement. In 1926, approximately $800,000 worth of cotton (khadi) was produced by these hand looms. That the charka, or native spinning wheel, has had a definite effect is evidenced by the fact that from 1913 to 1925 Indian importation of English cotton yarn and thread decreased from 17,719 metric tons to 7,992 metric tons. Cotton piece goods, during the same period, fell from 253,456 metric tons to 122,213 metric tons.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet, said, about two years ago: "We conquered India by the sword. . . . We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general and Lancashire cotton goods in particular."

The implications of this situation are so evident that comment seems unnecessary. To me, hopefulness also seems somewhat premature.

HAROLD P. PRESTON.

New York City.

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Chicago

Chicago, The History of its Reputation, by Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 508 pages. $3.75.

AT first sight this book seems to be a misnomer in respect to its subtitle. It is rather a history of Chicago from the days when its site was first visited by white men, to the present and eleventh year of Mayor Thompson's rule, with occasional reference to outside public opinion—a history of which Mr. Lewis writes the first third, covering the period before the World's Fair, and Mr. Smith the remainder. The authors might plead, however, that the reputation of Chicago has been so uniformly bad that the history of it could only be written in varying shades of black; or taking another line they might plead with more truth that this reputation is so closely bound up with events that their mere recital is sufficient.

There are, however, times when we wish that the authors, in the midst of their vivacious narrative, had been reminded more specifically of their sub-title. For example, the execution of the Anarchists in 1887 was the act of Chicago, for which the city assumed full responsibility. It was local opinion which restrained Governor Oglesby from commuting the sentences; and Judge Gary, who was the instrument of the vendetta, and boasted of his ability to make law from the bench to fit the crime, was held in high honor by his fellow-citizens until his death. The humane world marked its opinion of Chicago through American men of arts and letters headed by William Dean Howells; the expression of this opinion is properly a part of the history of Chicago's reputation, but Mr. Lewis makes no reference to it.

On this occasion, of course, Chicago acted not in defiance and contempt of public opinion, but in conventional deference to it. It merely mistook the facile praise of contemporary respectable society for the verdict of history. One again Chicago made a similar error, the consequences of which are historic. When the World's Fair was projected, Chicago had a brilliant and original group of architects headed by John Root and Louis Sullivan. Undoubtedly they dreamed, especially the former, of creating an exhibition city which should be the revelation of a new architecture growing out of our civilization and expressive of its needs and purposes. But Root died, and the timid managers decided to conform to national good taste as represented by such eclectic high priests as Richard W. Hunt and McKim, Mead and White. The World's Fair of 1893 was acclaimed as a triumph of beauty by a public which gathered about a picture called "Breaking Home Ties" in the art gallery, but its architectural importance was limited to substituting one form of imitation for another. Chicago won golden opinions, and wore them proudly in their newest gloss, but it lost an opportunity to make its mark in the history of American culture. We wish that Mr. Smith had given us a fuller account of the struggle by which Chicago preserved its reputation at the expense of its significance. He merely notes Root's death, which he remarks "brought into the picture several men such as Charles H. McKim and Charles B. Atwood, for whom the opportunities might not have been so great had Root lived." Possibly not!

Throughout their history, Messrs. Smith and Lewis note that Chicago has been animated by two forms of inner compulsion, one a keen desire to win the good opinion of the world at large, the other an inclination to flout it. The first makes Chicago puritanic and conventional, sometimes timid; the other makes it daring and original, sometimes perverse, wilful and defiant. Both tendencies are on occasion good or bad. The Chicago press contains ample evidence of their contradictory effects. On the one hand the newspapers recognize as a large element in the city's prosperity its availability as a meeting-place for conventions for the exchange of goods and ideas, to which availability its reputation for safety and order is essential; yet at the same time they cannot resist the lure of the most salable news which, in the absence of war, is crime, and continue with a certain bravado to give the city its crown as the crime capital of the world.

If the newspapers, obviously interested in preserving the good name of the city, nevertheless sin grievously against it, the same is true of individuals. Unquestionably Chicago owes much of its position in the world to the energetic "boosting" of a few of its citizens of early days, of whom Mr. Lewis names two, John Stephen Wright and "Deacon" William Bross. It owes more to the unstinted generosity of many others. A Chicagoan cannot refer without uplifted heart to the men who gave to the city its Art Institute, its Orchestra, its two universities. History repeats itself. In 1837 Mayor William B. Ogden kept the city from following Illinois into bankruptcy. "Above all," he cried, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city." Except for "infant," the same words might have been heard in the panic of 1893. Mr. Lewis quotes the Missouri Republican in 1867 as saying "Whenever anything is to be done for the good of Chicago, somebody is found to do it," and this is literally true. And, on the other hand, citizens of Chicago have been exceptional for behavior which has made the city contemptible or ridiculous in the eyes of the world. There was Samuel Eberly Gross, who claimed to have sent to Coquelin in 1875 a play from which Rostand plagiarized "Cyrano de Bergerac," in 1897. Gross showed his good faith in publishing his own play which was of unmitigated silliness and dullness, but he found a partner in his folly in Judge Christian C. Kohlsaat who forbade the presentation of Rossand's play in Chicago, amid world-wide hilarity.

In the same way Mayor Thompson, who expressed the spirit of the city in his slogan, "Throw away your hammer and get a horn," has made that horn a stage property of the clown. And the damning thing is that eminent citizens of Chicago who have given gifts to the city, like Samuel Insull, James H. Simpson and Silas Strawn, helped put Thompson back into City hall after a previous eight years of misrule. Why? Even in serious matters, like crime and political corruption, a touch of the absurd haunts Chicago. When Edward Hines purchased a seat in the United States Senate for William Lorimer, there was a scandal, the discovery of which made a detective story with the unusual element of comedy.

Two peculiarities of Chicago stand out from Messrs. Smith and Lewis' pages—the fact that things in general which happen there, more than in any other city, are of interest to the world; and the further fact that these things, to a greater extent than elsewhere, become intimately associated with the city and a part of its history. For example, a Gross might have appeared in Philadelphia, but he would not have made even the local first page, and Philadelphia would not have been held responsible for him and his name associated with hers along with Penn's and Franklin's. In Philadelphia he would not have found a coöperative spirit like Kohlsaat. The explanation of both peculiarities is that Chicago has lived and grown by

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publicity. It began its history with magnificent opportunities for the future, but with a very miserable present, on a mudsill of the lake beside a swampy river. It was anathematized from the first by explorers and visitors, whose unfavorable opinions Mr. Lewis quotes freely. "Chicago was perhaps of all the prairie towns the most repulsive to every human sense," wrote James Parton. And Charles Dudley Warner pronounced it "one of the shabbiest and most unattractive of cities," with mud sloughs for streets and a series of rotten planks for sidewalks.

Against this chorus of dispraise the city was forced into extravagance of self-laudation; and it was forced also into a kind of solidarity, all for one and one for all. Its disadvantages had to be overcome, its opportunities grasped by a collective effort of human energy such as no other city has ever shown on so large a scale. And the release of this energy was accompanied and doubtless facilitated by an immense amount of noise. Chicago had to have the ear of the world to finance its amazingly rapid growth—its railroads, its industries, its banks, its own rebuilding. Thus it became a great sounding-board, whence reverberations went around the world.

It was aided by a curious fate which gave to the events in its life an extraordinary and grandiose character. The convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860 was the most momentous ever held in this country by a political party, and few have surpassed in critical exigency and dramatic values that which nominated Bryan in 1896. The fire of 1871 was, as Mr. Lewis says, "one of the great events of the nineteenth century." Scores of books and pamphlets were written about it. The same spectacular character belongs to other disasters, that of the Iroquios Theater and the Eastland. The execution of the Anarchists was the first great reprisal in the class war. The World's Fair was the greatest ever held. Hull House became the leading social settlement, known far more widely than it progenitor, Toynbee Hall. And Chicago, living and thriving on publicity, has learned that if some kinds are better than others, all are good. As Gustavus Swift osed to boast that he could use in his packing house every part of the hog except the squeal, so Chicago with its human produce—perhaps most of all the squeal. Thus the ill-fame of being the wickedest city in the world came not amiss. Its house of prostitution once carried this reputation to every quarter of the world, as its gang wars do today. The great industry of slaughtering and packing, in which Chicago came to be a leader, lent itself to hmorous comment, but few Chicagoans were so self-conscious as to resent it. On the contrary, they have shown the stockyards to visitors until they have become commonplace, and the jest has died in platitude.

As all Chicagoans partake somewhat in what is felt to be a common enterprise, so there is a certain tolerance and fellowship among them as citizens of no mean city. Its history is in a real sense the history of its reputation, made world-wide by that strange assortment of human beings brought together in the present volume—John Kinzie, the first settler, William B. Ogden, Deacon Bross, Long John Wentworth, McCormick and Pullman, Armour and Swift, Samuel E. Gross, the progenitor of "Cyrano," and Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House, President Harper, both Carter Harrisons, the Everleigh sisters, Marshall Field, Samuel Insull, Lorimer, Gunsaulus, Scar Face Al Capone, Big Bill Thompson and Edward Hines—where shall you find so rich an assortment of human life except in the Canterbury Pilgrims?

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

British Socialism

The Next Ten Years, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: The Macmillar Company. 459 pages. $5.50.

MR. Cole's latest volume ought to have a quite special interest for American readers. More than any recently published work, it shows with some exactness just what is happening to British Socialism. It is, let it be said at once, an able book, at once courageous and candid. In a sense, it might well be termed an *apologia pro vita sua;* for Mr. Cole frankly abandons the guild Socialism to which he has devoted the last fifteen years or so, and emerges as a Fabian well to the right of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, even cherishing doubts about the wisdom of nationalizing the mines. The reader of Mr. Cole's earlier books, indeed, will be somewhat at a loss with this. Gone is the elaborate insistence upon the class-war, the urgent demand for self-government in industry, the easy faith in committees and elections as the panacea for the solution of all technical ills. Mr. Cole has become a cautious and sober realist, still (happily) capable of flashes of anger, and, on occasion, a little inclined to sententiousness. His program in social and economic policy for the next ten years is one, I think, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues could carry out without incurring invective from anyone not living in Moscow. Mr. Cole has learned the great lesson that consistency is the luxury of the irresponsible. Now that his friends are actually in power he has changed his domicile from Utopia to London. It is a brave gesture.

I cannot here even pretend to list the schemes and principles Mr. Cole lays down. Some of his exposition is admirable, as when he deals with education; other parts, as when he discusses agriculture, seem to be laboriously compiled from books and do not give the impression that he speaks of what he knows at first hand. Mr. Cole starts from the argument that in the new economic world Great Britain's old supremacy has gone. Her business, he concludes, is to think of the future in terms of a highly specialized production for export, and a much greater effort, consciously sponsored by the State, to develop the home market. To absorb the unemployed, he suggests the formation of what he calls a "National Labor Corps," whose business it shall be to do such essential work as slum-clearance, land-drainage, afforestation, which is beyond the reach of private enterprise. He desires a Board of National Investment "with wide powers to guide the investment of private capital, and itself to raise loans" for both industrial development and, where necessary, capital preservation. He strongly favors the Melchett-Turner conferences and looks forward to increasing participation of the trade-unions in industrial management. He insists that the state must compulsorily promote "rationalization," especially through the control of the Board of Investment. He favors nationalization less by ownership than by control through state representation on Boards of Directors. The place for industrial self-government seems to him to lie in the individual workshop, and the older view of guilds he abandons completely. He is in favor of family allowances financed out of taxation, and the socialization of the banking system, including the Bank of England and the joint-stock banks. He looks forward to the bulk purchase of certain raw materials and a much larger field for coöperation on the side of distribution.

So bare and jejune a summary naturally does grave injustice to what is closely and carefully argued in more than four hundred ample pages. But it shows, I think,

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what is happening to British Socialism. It has come to the view that revolutionary catastrophe will take us nowhere; it may even make the second state worse than the first. It has lost faith, also, in the formulae of state Socialism; there is neither efficiency nor freedom along that road. Accordingly, it believes that Socialism must build its temple stage by stage within the edifice of capitalism, replacing it, so to say, room by room, and using the greatest variety of methods in the reconstruction. Capitalism is too complex to be met by other than a complex Socialism. Mr. Cole, moreover, has obviously been greatly impressed (I think rightly impressed) by the liberalized Socialism of Mr. Keynes and his school. His doctrine touches at many points that of the Liberal Industrial Report. Perhaps I may venture the point that much of it has a direct relation to what I have myself elsewhere urged is now the inevitable path of Socialists who are not prepared to overthrow the system under which they live. Mr. Cole, it is amusing to think, is probably to the right of Mr. Webb and myself; though he is still well to the left of Mr. Keynes. But if I interpret aright the movement of doctrine, a new Socialism is being born in which the essential thesis is a rigorous control of property by the state without, at all necessarily, state ownership. But, also, taxation will be high, and public expenditure on communal amenities will seek to realize the ideal of equality in the realm of what may be termed spiritual ends.

It would be untrue to say that Mr. Cole's book, able and interesting though it is, marks an epoch in economic thought. But it reveals him as the kind of person, who, by fertility of mind, and power of intelligent insight into the immediate problem, would make the ideal secretary of an economic general staff. All those who remember the war years will know that Mr. Cole showed himself then a civil servant of exceptional distinction even in a remarkable period. The Mr. Cole who wrote this book is the Mr. Cole of that time. Since Mr. Lloyd George was wise enough to use his services, I hope that the Labor government will put him in his proper place—with Mr. Thomas and those who are concerned with the conquest of unemployment. They will not regret the use of his great powers.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Greek Animals

Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology, by Norman Douglas. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 218 pages. $3.

THE effectiveness of the old-fashioned English classical training as a preparation for life may be debated; but it certainly produces magnificent amateurs such as no other country can boast. The gentleman-farmer or gentleman-tradesman type who sits next you at dinner may in his leisure hours be an expert in any hobby from earthworms to the letters of Bishop Synesius. And I have myself met in the last ten years a banker, a lawyer, a diplomat and a merchant who on the slightest encouragement would recite or mail to you their translations of selected epigrams from the Greek anthology. Now after Maurice Hewlett comes another novelist, Mr. Norman Douglas, who has fallen under the same spell. For some three years he has given the time in which he might have typed another royalty-producing "South Wind," to the study of one aspect of the delightful collection of minor verse that spans and links the centuries of Greek civilization for 1,500 years or more.

A humorously deprecatory preface affects to apologize for the lack of scientific method and completeness in these notes which he has copied and expanded from the margins of his Didot Anthology. The poets themselves, he says, did not deal scientifically with the creatures they played with in their verse; for Greek biological science we must go to Aristotle. Mr. Douglas himself does not profess to be either a philologian or a naturalist, and he has not had access to large libraries. He has merely discussed some 153 wild animals with the aid of some 600 passages of the Anthology and of twenty or thirty German and English monographs. It is enough. As the American author of a manual of natural education puts it, "One of my young friends . . . became a naturalist and philosopher before the age of four years through caring for all kinds of pets." Such an one, in Shakespeare's words, is a natural philosopher, and that is the kind of natural philosopher the Greek Anthologists were. Like the self-advertising prima donna and movie star, they cared for all kinds of pets, and like the enterprising reporter, they had a keen scent for all kinds of fish and sea-serpent stories.

They sometimes wrote about their pets as prettily as Catullus did about Lesbia's sparrow or Matthew Arnold about the dachshund Geist, or William Watson when he tells us how,

> "My hand will miss the insinuated nose,
> Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at fate."

Mr. Douglas' exclusion of domestic animals, and his grouping of his examples under the rubrics mammals, birds, reptiles and batrachians, sea-beasts, creeping things, do not perhaps sufficiently emphasize this and other human and literary topics that cross the lines of his formal classification. There is no item "Dog," or "Pets" in his index. Still, by turning his pages, one can discover the cat that ate good Agathias' partridge, the cock that served Anyte as an alarm-clock, the pet leveret of Meleager's Phanion, Tymnes' bird that like Catullus' or Arnold's pet has gone down the silent ways of sleep, Simias' decoy partridge, Anyte's hound Maera, killed by a snake, the cicad that supplied the note of the snapped string of Eunomos' lyre, and Crinagoras' parrot that escaped to the woods and taught all the birds to cry "Ave Caesar." But I miss Anyte's two goats, the one that was proud because the Naiads' fingers toyed with his shaggy curls, and the one that the children harnessed and drove about the church, that is, the temple court.

Mr. Douglas feels an imperfect sympathy for the cicad and the cricket. He says, "The idea of keeping one of these ear-splitting musicians caged in his room will not occur to anybody." He attributes this feeling to Plato, and so misinterprets as satire the well-known passages in Plato's "Phædrus." I feel about the cicad as I do about Socrates. A day in the gymnasium with Socrates would have bored me to extinction, but I like to read about it. So I have no more desire to keep a cicad in a cage in my bedroom than I have to set up a jazz-squawking radio there. But I enjoy reading Mnasalcas' epigram even in my own version:

> Cicad, the tiny trumpeting voice that made
> The laden furrows ring with thy sweet strain
> Is hushed, and I, reclining in the shade,
> Shall never hear thy whirring wings again.

In fact, being a "reactionary" teacher of Greek, I rather prefer his Hellenic explicitness to that Japanese masterpiece of suggestive abruptness,

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"The cry of the cicada
Gives no sign
That presently it will die,"

just as I prefer Plato's, if it is Plato's, frog that guided him to the fountain, to the frog that stirred such unutterable sentiments in the breast of Yone Noguchi,

"Into the ancient pond
The frog jumps.
Sound of the water!"

I fear that I have gone off at a tangent and done scant justice to Mr. Douglas' interesting, and, as the French idiom has it, well-nourished book, which includes many more things than there is space to consider here. Mr. Douglas' translations are readable and adequate for the illustration of his points. They have not always received the polish of the file, and his ear for meter is liable to occasional strange lapses. But as he has printed at his own expense this attractive volume for the portion of the public that cares for such things, it would be ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth.

PAUL SHOREY.

Adventures of an Outlaw

Adventures of an Outlaw. The story of Ralph Rashleigh, a convict-exile in Australia one hundred years ago. Edited by the Earl of Birkenhead, foreword by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 347 pages. $3.50.

PLAYWRIGHTS claim that bad actors can wreck a good play; I don't know. I do know that bad editing can't ruin a good tale, and the proof of it is that "Adventures of an Outlaw" survives in spite of an editing—or dehydrating—by the Earl of Birkenhead. I can understand why a publisher would ask a pickpocket to edit the memoirs of a police captain, but why a belted earl should be drafted to edit the story of an Australian "lag" is beyond me. It's like turning a birth-control book over to the Knights of Columbus for editing.

If many readers are incredulous and some of the reviewers prepare wordy alibis, the publishers can blame themselves and at the same time be thankful they got a book so vital and gripping that its authenticity cannot be broken down or its flavor destroyed by the most wretched editing. But what can you expect? Editors are policemen of the literary world and wield their blue pencils as viciously as any cop swings his day-and-nightstick. This gruesome yarn proves that violence can by pyramided, that it breeds violence and that brutal punishment and iron discipline never made anything of convicts but murder-maniacs or cringing stool-pigeons. Occasionally there is an exception, as in the case of Ralph Rashleigh, hero of this story. I wish every hard-boiled penologist and crime-cure quack who wants more laws and more punishment could read this book. He might then realize that hopeless men are desperate men and at the same time find the answer to our own recent prison mutinies. To any reader who says "incredible!" when he finishes these "adventures," I say read Ernest Booth's description of a Texas prison-camp in "Stealing Through Life," read the murderous reactions of Harry Tracey, escaped convict, of Oregon or the life of Jake Oppenheimer, another prison-made killer of our own generation.

This tale ought to satisfy the most hardened adventure-story addict. I have about reached the saturation point with narratives of human violence and with witnessing it and dealing it and taking it, but the "Adventures of an Outlaw" held me breathless till the iceman pushed the button at seven o'clock in the morning.

There's not a line of dalliance or pleasance in it; no sex and no literary coasting for space, and it is the most filling feed of hard-bitten and hard-boiled adventure I ever picked up. I am going to read it again, but this time I shall wind my watch before I start.

JACK BLACK.

Plant Hunters

Pioneers of Plant Study, by Ellison Hawks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 288 pages. $4.

MR. HAWKS, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and previously a writer on astronomy and physics, planned this book and began to write it in collaboration with G. S. Boulger, lecturer in botany at the City of London College. On Mr. Boulger's death he completed the work alone. The result is a highly interesting narrative which will be relished alike by the student of history and the lover of plant life. The author has given the public the first complete and accurate outline of the careers of all the leaders in botanical science from ancient times down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

With this period the story of the pioneers of plant study comes to a close, giving way to that of the pioneers of applied botany. It is well that Mr. Hawks made no attempt to include the more modern epoch in his present volume, for even a sketch of the workers in applied botany, and the advances made during the first quarter of the twentieth century, would require hundreds of pages and would involve considerable technical material not easily rendered "popular" in content and expression.

In the book under review no previous knowledge of botany is required for its full enjoyment, though the author devotes his first chapter to an explanation of technical terms. The book contains a wealth of curious and interesting matter not suggested by the title, and might well be read with profit even by persons not particularly interested in the life and labors of ancient and modern botanists, as such. It includes valuable historical information not to be found in any other book known to me. For once, the publisher's "blurb" does not in the least overstate the case in saying that names "which we usually associate with formal terminology and classifications spring to life fresh with personality and full of the color of their period."

Hawks reveals a keen capacity for connecting the history of plant forms with the course of human history. In a brief sentence he throws a flood of light on some phase of history which it has taken the orthodox historian hundreds of pages to obscure. For example: "It has been said that for few objects has more blood been spilt than for the exclusive right to sell cloves, whilst the European passion for pepper led directly to our conquest of India." When Vasco da Gama, in 1499, sailed with his ship laden with the spices of India—sold at a profit of 6,000 percent!—Venice joining hands with Egypt, sent wood to Cairo to be carried across the Isthmus to Suez to build a navy to attack the Portuguese.

Very few of the plants that adorn the British laborer's humble cottage or his lord's magnificent country garden are natives of the British Isles. And as much may be said of

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our American gardens, replete as they are today with imported flowers, fruits, and vegetables. "How came these visitors from far-off regions? The reply lends distinction to even the humblest plant as we trace its story through the ages. The beginner in botany chafes at the puzzling nomenclature of plants, yet this conceals a wonderful romance."

And so Hawks tells us the fascinating story, drawing his material from hundreds of old manuscripts and books, some of them little known even to the official historians of botany—a number of whose mistakes are corrected by the author. "Pioneers of Plant Study" is fully indexed, and enriched by a number of portraits not heretofore published in this country. It is a book which deserves a wider popularity than its title may lead it to have.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

Unplumbed Oil

John D. A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler. New York: The Vanguard Press. 256 pages. $2.25.

THE FOUNDER of Standard Oil, the man who has lived to be ninety and the richest man in America, the sincerely religious man who never ceased quoting the Bible and preaching a righteousness to others which brought his own business conduct into the darkest contrast during a period which was noted for the darkness of its financial history—here is a great subject for biography. For more than a generation this colossus of big business was the most widely and thoroughly hated man in the country. Political campaigns were waged and won to fight the business methods he inaugurated. He was close-mouthed. He professed to be indifferent to attacks. Certainly they did not injure his business. Then, at last, this man became desperately desirous of winning the esteem of his fellow men. He wanted to do good. He wanted to be loved by the millions who had learned to hate him because of his overwhelming ambition and rapacity and because he had exercised these qualities in gaining control, temporarily, of a public necessity. He filled the lamps of the world. Then he spent $750,000,000 on science and philanthropy. According to Mr. Winkler, his is still the richest family in this rich country.

About this fascinating but completely hideous subject, Mr. Winkler has written a chatty book which contains many intimate, reportorial details. He has not boggled at painting the blacks in deepest black. If he has not added anything new to material so magnificently collected by Miss Ida Tarbell, he at least would be the first to admit it. Unfortunately, Mr. Winkler has failed to produce a portrait. His work has not been welded with thought. It lacks continuity. The author wishes us to believe he has sketched four generations of this family. What he has actually done is to connect with lines the dots of four biographical charts, from time to time dashing in some racy impertinences.

At times Mr. Winkler has not taken the trouble to be consistent. Of John D. and his cabinet he says, quite correctly, that "stripped of the visible symbols of their power, unprotected by the deference of underlings and servitors, it would have been impossible for any but an omniscient eye to discover the unusual in them." Mr. Winkler does not pretend to such omniscience. "Seen thus—perhaps in the swimming pool of a local Y. M. C. A.—they would have impressed an observer much as would any group of master plumbers or grocers." By way of further emphasizing the drabness of the Rockefeller lieutenants he adds that "John D. had no difficulty in cracking the whip over these men of the Old Guard." The point is well taken. Time has failed to show that any special, personal interest did attach to these men. But thirty pages further on Mr. Winkler attempts to show that these men were interesting after all. He writes:

> They were an interesting group, these men into whose hands Rockefeller had entrusted management, men who had been his lieutenants in the seventies and eighties. Rotund, round-faced John D. Archbald, now sixty-five, the slickest underground political manipulator in America; E. T. Bedford, ruddy, side-whiskered; Charles M. Pratt, lanky, lean; James A. Moffett, bulky, square-headed, stubborn; Secretary Henry C. Folger, Jr., a delicate, thin-bearded man of fifty-five whose passion was collecting Shakspeariana.

That is all Mr. Winkler has to show that the lapse of time and association with Rockefeller made these men interesting. It is not enough. The fact probably is that they were not interesting. Mr. Winkler should not have attempted to contradict himself.

For all its well chosen gossip, the present work does not scratch the surface. It is not only journalistic: it is frequently slangy. Where Mr. Winkler should penetrate he ricochets off on a flashy phrase, such as "railroad morality walked on banana peels when profits were concerned." The field is still clear for a biography worthy of the father of the modern trust.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

Fiction Notes

Azure Cities, Stories of New Russia, translated by J. J. Robins. Edited, with an introduction, by Joshua Kunitz. New York: International Publishers. 319 pages. $——.

THE stories in this volume, like much else that comes out of Soviet Russia, are interesting—even important—somewhat beyond their purely literary and artistic deserts. They reflect the influences of the Revolution, not only on the dozen writers represented, but also on the mass of people who compose their background and supply their subjects. For this reason, one suspects (from the biographical and critical material appended) that the writers and stories have been selected rather because they are typical than for any other reason. And Mr. Kunitz has made his introduction an historical essay on the position of writers in relation to the Revolution. To one accustomed to the American lack of connection between literature and the machinery of life, the serious, conscious interconnection stated in this essay is amazing and exhilarating. The stories themselves show a population still on the bridge between the old and the new—the Revolution still in progress. The old woman in "The Miracle" picks up a picture of Lenin on the roadside and, thinking it to be a picture of a saint, puts it up near the ikon and prays to it. And if she believes that her subsequent good fortune is due to the "Saint's" intercession in Heaven, still her old-fashioned simple religious faith is fractured. The old rebel in "The Law of the Wolf" who puts away his wife for her love affair with another man acts out of what we understand to be "bourgeois jealousy" thinly disguised as "Communist ethics." All of the stories—even when, as in "Azure Cities" and "The Law of the Wolf," the technique is unsure and difficult—are interesting. The introduction, and such stories as "The Black Fritters" and "The Letter" are valuable and splendid.

M. P. L.

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The Lady of Laws, by Susanne Trautwein. New York: Elliot Holt. $2.50.

HISTORICAL novels are apt to resemble tapestries in which the backgrounds are brilliant with color, but the figures faded and a little dim. Susanne Trautwein has avoided this pitfall, and has achieved a delicately blended pattern in which the figures take their proper place. Her Renaissance Bologna, quick as it is with life, is merely a setting for the Lady of Laws. Aloof, in the scarlet robe of the University, Ravegnana sheathed herself in learning, chastity and intellectual pride. Then, on a night of fire and confusion, she was violated by an unknown man. She bore a child—but conciliated the townsfolk by the courage with which she resisted, in their behalf, the political tyranny of Lambertazzi. Despite tangible proof of her humanity she became for them a legend, sainted and holy. They did not guess—nor did she, until years later—that her child was the child of Lambertazzi. This Lady of Laws is a gracious figure, complex and inconsistent, and thereby individual and moving. Her portrait is so adroitly and exquisitely drawn that a book which might otherwise be a mere costume romance becomes a novel not to be missed because of its unusual unity of tone and its serene charm. E. H. W.

The House of Joy, by Jo van Ammers-Kuller. Translated from the Dutch by H. van Whye. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IT IS TO be hoped that the sentimental connotations of such a title as "The House of Joy" will not frighten away the discriminating reader from this novel of the theater, for it is far from being a sentimental work.

> Evil tongues,
> Rash judgments . . . sneers of selfish men,
> Greetings where no kindness is . . . all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,

appear as a series of drab back-drops against which is set Jenny Heysten's dominating passion for dramatic expression. It is a story of an artist, helpless in the power of her own genius. In the end she is ready to cast aside morals, friendship, or love with a magnificently unconscious gesture as soon as they begin to come between her and this fulfilment of her being. One wonders a little if the members of all dramatic groups, even when they are wedded to art instead of to the box-office, are inevitably actuated by such petty jealousies as the characters in this book. But there is that about the tale which suggests that Jo van Ammers-Kuller knows whereof she speaks; no hint of affectation or pose is to be found in the book; it is as simply convincing as reality. G. A.

The History of Egg Pandervil, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"THE HISTORY OF EGG PANDERVIL" relates in detail the process by which a somewhat sensitive country boy becomes a hum-drum suburban grocer, husband of a peevish, selfish wife; father of a brood of children, for the most part strangers to him; and quiescent son to a rasping, calculating mother-in-law. What moments of light he has in this later state come to him through weak memories of some half-dozen exalted experiences of his youth, and in a mild pleasure from a late discovery of a community of spirit existing between himself and a twelve-year-old son. Except for the hero's occasional aspirations, it is the story of sordid, commonplace lives. One remembers Henry James' declaration that no subject-matter may be denied the novelist, provided that it be interesting; and his conclusion that people who are stupid and coarse and blind do not interest us, except as they affect others—the finely aware, the deeply sensitive souls. By James' criterion, "The History of Egg Pandervil" would fall far short, for by no stretch of the imagination could the hero, after his youth is gone, be called "finely aware." His consciousness of his situation, his moments of vague rebellion only make him dully miserable; and the stupid and the blind surrounding him tend merely to deaden his awareness. In so far, however, as he is responsive, Egg himself is interesting. That the other personalities portrayed are drawn with insight and skill—the wife, who listens to the histrionic preacher "with absorbed, gluttonous, hot-eyed attention"; the married daughter, who responds to a would-be solicitous question from her father with "the expression of a sick mule"—that these other characters rather strikingly live, hardly makes the book stimulating, or reconciles the casual reader to his dear time's waste. G. A.

A Man Scans His Past, by M. Constantin-Weyer. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

HOWEVER malicious it may sound, one cannot but wonder whether this tale of the Canadian wilderness would have received as much critical acclaim had not the Goncourt Prize Committee developed an unexpected interest in primitive adventure. The past which M. Constantin-Weyer scans is crowded with stark battles against hunger, weariness and torturing cold. There is a sharp, hard beauty in the descriptions of his fur-trading hero's clash with the elements. That hero's tempestuous love affair is, however, singularly unreal. Constantin-Weyer is too sophisticated a person to adopt successfully the manner of Jack London—a connection which French critics have endeavored to establish. One feels that he would have done better to write a frank autobiography of his Canadian wanderings. In spite of its fine nervous prose and its vigorous pace, his book—considered as a novel—lacks any real emotional unity.

Contributors

H. G. WELLS needs no introduction.

WESLEY CLAIR MITCHELL is a Director of Research of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Professor of Economics at Columbia University, and author of "Business Cycles" and other scientific works.

SAMUEL MILTON ELAM ran away from home at the age of twelve. He is now twenty-two, and has earned his living during much of the intervening decade by casual day labor all over the country, of the type described in his article. He has been in the army, and has also done some newspaper and advertising and motion picture work, and is the author of a life of George Borrow, recently published by Knopf, and of an unpublished novel.

HAROLD J. LASKI is a member of the London School of Economics and Political Science.

PAUL SHOREY is professor of Greek at the University of Chicago.

JACK BLACK describes himself as "one of Fremont Older's reconstructed yeggs." He is the author of "You Can't Win."

MAYNARD SHIPLEY is president of the Science League of America.

C. A. CHAPMAN, formerly a reporter on The New York Times, is now with Minton Balch and Company, publishers.

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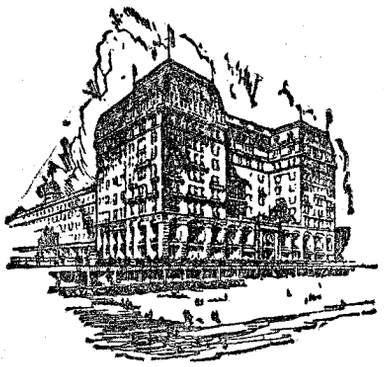

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